Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

March 22, 1924

A Modernist of 1620

FOR my part I can not sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go, at present, no further than the instruments of their reformation.

The Lutherans can not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of His will God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists you see stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God; but, were they still living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received.

Pastor John Robinson to the Pilgrims sailing from Leyden, July 2, 1620.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada.

Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given, and such notice sent to 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 106th Year | New Series | Vol. XXVII | No. 12

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above princip es be professed

Editorial

DON'T REFUSE THIS PAPER

NO bill will be mailed to our *more than five thousand new* subscribers. The paper is sent to you by your pastor or local church with the co-operation of the "Christ Crusade." You can help the "Crusade" and your pastor by taking it home and reading it with care.

Read the editor's experience at a Fundamentalists' Bible Conference as related in this issue and see if our Church and our Church paper are not needed.

Remember that liberal, independent papers are failing right and left in England and in America, that more and more daily papers are bought up and consolidated, and that huge combines furnish the news and dictate policies.

The *Universalist Leader* is a free paper. Not one man or woman, directly or indirectly, has sought to abridge its editorial freedom, at least since we took hold.

Our field is religion—not politics—but everything relating to the public welfare belongs to the field of religion.

Don't judge the paper by one article or by one issue.

Take us from the post office. Accept us from the carrier. Get acquainted. We have better things ahead than any we have yet offered.

* *

NOT ALL ROTTEN AT WASHINGTON

AGAIN we feel under the necessity of pointing out that intelligent people are under obligation to use some discrimination in regard to evidence offered at various investigations in Washington, and that Christian people especially are under obligation to give every man his day in court.

It is natural that we should be shocked and horrified at what is undisputed.

Improprieties, to say the least, already admitted, lies confessed to be lies, make many of us certain that there is a horrible mess underneath still to come out.

Perhaps there is. If so, let us open the ulcer. The things to be kept steadily in mind, however, are these:

First: Two great political parties and a third in the making are bending every effort to win the next election. Our American politics has not much chivalry in it and many men in Washington are playing to win, "fair means or foul."

Second: There are vicious, revengeful, and even unbalanced people not only accepted as witnesses by legislative committees, but even encouraged by over credulous or unscrupulous Senators and Congressmen.

Third: Though men high in the government have been guilty of improper and perhaps criminal acts, the great body of legislators and executives are not corrupt. Most of us felt at the time that Mr. Fall and Mr. Daugherty ought not to be appointed to high office, but we put over against them the appointments of Hughes and Hoover.

Fourth: The amazement and indignation at the revelations made both in official circles and among citizens generally indicate what the American people expect of their public servants and the standards to which they propose to hold them.

We have no right on the face of the returns, reading them in their blackest aspect even, to say that free government has broken down, that the majority of officials are crooks or that the mass of American people are indifferent.

Let us hold fast to faith in ourselves, in the vast majority of our fellow men, in our great country, and in God.

* *

BURNING THE LEADER

THE *Jerseyman*, a daily paper of Morristown, N. J., characterizes the public burning of the *Universalist Leader*, Forbush's Life of Christ and Christian Science publications as "nothing short of witchery and sorcery." "In the Book of Acts, eighth chapter and ninth verse," says the editorial, "such a man is described: 'But there was a certain man called Simon which before in the same city used sorcery and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that he himself was the great one.' "

The *Jerseyman* points with pride to the spirited protest the action brought out "from intelligent and cultured people throughout Morristown."

"The pity of it all is," the *Jerseyman* concludes, "that such a man is so misguided, and is leading others into the fanatical and supernatural. Could anything be more wild or extravagantly fancy than a little

group of worshipers gathered about a burning pot and singing 'My faith looks up to Thee' as the message of the Lord in human words was consumed in flames? There is no room here for a religious discussion. The question of dogma, denomination, or creed, is not involved. It is a plain case of fanaticism."

In both the *Daily Record* and the *Jerseyman* of Morristown this notice now appears:

The Universalist Leader

Having been publicly burned in this city as an "infidel paper," the publishers make the following proposal: "As to our respectability or lack of it, we will be happy to send a free trial subscription of one month to all citizens of Morristown, N. J., who will send their names and addresses to us at 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass."

* *

AGAIN THE VIRGIN BIRTH

THE question of the virgin birth continues to occupy time and space in pulpit and editorial sanctum. The religious weeklies print columns about it and the Monday morning dailies report many Sunday sermons on the subject.

To some it is "disgusting," to others "stimulating," and to a third class a matter of "indifference."

Some of the sermons take the view that, however Jesus came, the important fact is that he did come and is to be followed. These are the practical men who treat similar questions in the same way. "The essential thing in religion is to get men to do as Jesus did and to live as he lived."

Some of the preachers and writers interpret the story of the virgin birth as a beautiful poem, of value as indicating the impression Jesus made. "He lived so pure and good a life that men afterward insisted he must have been born of a virgin."

And some, even in our own Church, go at it in the old way to defend the story as history, believing it an important prop of the structure of supernatural revealed religion, and "essential to the belief in the divinity of our Lord."

Every religious journal has received a flood of letters and articles on this subject. We ourselves have more than we can publish—well written, painstaking, thoughtful, indicating the interest the question has excited.

The *Christian Century* recently republished a sermon of Maude Royden, first printed in 1921, dealing with the virgin birth, stating that the edition containing it was exhausted almost immediately and that a steady demand had been made for its republication ever since.

In its issue for Feb. 28, the same publication has a contribution from the Rev. Wm. E. Barton, D. D., of Chicago, last year Moderator of the General Council of the Congregational Church. It is what we might expect from "Safed the Sage"—a common sense view of the virgin birth. "A futile controversy," he says, "productive of more heat than light," "a possible thing," "impossible to settle by direct testimony of actual witnesses," "not essential to the divinity of Christ," "not driven to it by any prediction of the Old Testament," "a story detachable from the original apostolic record."

Then he goes straight to his real point: "The real difficulty," he says, "is a moral one. Who organized the family, God or the devil? Is it a vile or holy thing? We know only one way of bringing children into the world. No other appears possible to us. Is this to be regarded as a holy or an evil way? God Himself ordained the family, the oldest and most holy of earth's institutions. When God saw fit in the fulness of time that the best and noblest of men should be born, did He honor or ignore that institution? And if He ignored it why did He not make it plain that He had done so and why? . . . The story would seem to imply that it is possible for God to consecrate the female organs of generation, but not those of the male. . . . Did God make one organ vile and another and correlative organ holy? . . . If so, why did God make the race as He did?"

This is plain speaking, but it will cause some of us to stop and think.

If out of the discussion can come a higher opinion of the way we enter the world, and a determination that our young people shall be brought up to know the facts, regard the whole body as the temple of God and understand the beauty of self-control—the debate will have gone farther and done more than any one believed possible.

* *

THIS AMAZING JAPAN

ONLY a week or two ago we discussed Japan's changing attitude toward Christianity and told of the three conferences held by the Premier with the leaders of the Shinto, Buddhist and Christian religions.

Now, says the *World Wide Sunday School News*, comes the amazing news that the primary schools of Tokyo are open once a week to Christian teaching. The mayor of Tokyo, following the lead of the Premier, determined to do something "to stiffen the moral fiber of children and youth." He called in Imamura, the secretary of the National Sunday School Association of Japan, and together they devised a plan to have speakers go to the different schools once a week to impart moral instruction. It will cost the association $2,500 a year.

Japan seems determined to have the best. Her way of going at it is not always our way. But she does not let prejudice or bigotry prevent her examination of a question on its merits. Now that she sees her need of the best in Christianity, she is going to take it. When she gets it it will cease to be a question of "get or take" and become a problem of "give."

* *

THE GLASGOW CONVENTION

THIRTY millions of Sunay school people scattered throughout Christendom will hold a World's Convention at Glasgow, Scotland, June 18-26. All of the thirty millions, obviously, will not go, but will be represented by some four thousand delegates.

Already these delegates are starting from the Philippines, China and Japan. Thirty or forty have registered for the Trans-Siberian railway. Over fifty will soon sail from Australia and New Zealand. Delegates have registered from Ceylon, Egypt and Syria.

This is the ninth World's Sunday School Con-

vention. The last convention was held in Tokyo, Japan, in 1920.

The general subject for the Glasgow Convention will be "Jesus Christ for the Healing of the Nations."

In Holland, France, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries, national Sunday school conventions will be held in connection with this great world gathering.

For the delegates of the United States three steamers have been chartered to sail simultaneously, June 7, from Philadelphia, New York and Montreal.

Probably the Universalist Church will be represented by several delegates.

It will be interesting to see what impression this great gathering will make on the church-going, sermon-tasting, serious-minded Scotch.

It will be more interesting to see what it can accomplish for religious education around the world.

* *

THE NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL HELPER

THE *Universalist Leader* wishes to make the important announcement that the first issue of the Senior *Helper* under its new editors, the Rev. Laura B. Galer and Roger S. Galer, is published this week. This number covers lessons from April 1 to July 1. The issue for the first quarter of 1924 carried the names of the new editors, but this was only anticipatory, their actual work beginning with the second quarter.

The *Leader* believes that this will prove to be an event of significance in the history of our Sunday schools, and bespeaks for the new *Helper* a cordial and sympathetic reception on the part of pastors, superintendents and teachers of adult Bible classes. We hope the *Helper* will be generally used in Universalist churches.

Those who avail themselves of the *Helper* will find as some of the valuable features of each lesson, in addition to a thorough discussion of the lesson, helps on difficult points, oriental customs, pictures, historical background, questions for discussion, a selected bibloigraphy, some higher criticism, and frequently practical suggestions for teaching the lesson growing out of the extended teaching experiences of the editors.

* *

THE NOBLE 23

WE note with pleasure the fine discrimination and noble idealism of the unterrified Democracy of the old Bay State. One Francis J. Finnernan, president of the Democratic Club of Massachusetts, has secured the signatures of "23" members of the Massachusetts Legislature, the General Court, to a petition asking for the immediate impeachment of the entire Coolidge Cabinet. The Congressmen to whom it is addressed are Tague, Gallivan and Connery. Those signing the petition are McCormack, Mulvey, Curtin, Foley, Hickey, Sawyer, Hourihan, Kelley, Dinsmore, Kelly, Murphy, Ward, Logue, Heffernan, Winston, Gorey, Harrington, McCarthy, Carey, Brennan, Kelley (E. J.), Garvey and Winnet.

The finest traditions of old Ireland live again in the courageous action of these patriots. "Whack every head in sight," they say in effect. "This is no private row. Pile in, boys!" "Jump! Look afterward." "Act. Investigate later." "Up with the shillalah." "Turn the rascals out." Our faith in democracy revives as we read these cool, thoughtful words:

> "For the salvation of America and for the respect of 'law and order' immediate impeachment proceedings against the entire Coolidge Cabinet should be started by you three red-blooded Americans who are inspired with the spirit of Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights.
>
> "This Cabinet has done more damage to the fair name of America than all the Bolshevists, I. W. W.'s, K. K. K.'s, and other un-American organizations combined.
>
> " 'Loot and plenty of it' has been the watchword of the Republican administration.
>
> "Ours remains—'Justice to all; special privileges to none.' "

Our sole regret is that this immortal band is composed of 23. We trust that nobody will utter the ribald word calling for their scattering and disintegration. We need them. We dedicate that day to joy when they petition their red bloods at the front.

* *

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

WE do worry—most of us—mainly about the things we are powerless to help. When we can do anything about them we are up and at them. When we can't, we try to realize the folly of thinking of things which have passed beyond our control, but often fail.

We need the help of God, the old-fashioned religion of our fathers: "Cast all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

We need the consciousness that after all this is not our universe exclusively. We are partners, but the other member of the firm is the Omnipotent.

World affairs, national problems, individual burdens, are our responsibility, but not exclusively.

God bears some of the load. When we see clearly that the thing is no longer in our control, we must have faith that God will attend to it. Something else has come along for us to grapple with. We must not make ourselves unfit for the new day and the new duty by worry about the days forever gone.

* *

MONEY FOR JAPANESE EDUCATION

DR. GEORGE E. HUNTLEY, president of the General Sunday School Association, calls attention to recent figures showing how inadequately Japan is equipped to give higher education to aspiring young men. "Figures of the Department of Education of Japan," says Dr. Huntley, "up to Feb. 8 show a total of 25,380 applicants for admission to twenty-four leading high schools which have a seating capacity of 5,420."

Practically four out of five who desire education in a government high school have to be denied.

Money spent on education for the Japanese is well spent. Money contributed to missions like our own, which have the educational theory and method, renders real service..

Money willed to universities like Doshisha at Kyoto or to schools like that of Charlotte De Forest of Kobe will do a blessed work for generations to come.

Attempts at Interpretation

VII The Church as a Symbol

Frederic Williams Perkins

ON a certain Christmas Eve during the World War the American Red Cross arranged a nation-wide dramatic demonstration. Every Red Cross member was asked to place a light behind his membership emblem displayed in the window, literally to let the light of that mighty service so shine that men, seeing it, would glorify its heavenly spirit. The conception was of the simplicity that denotes a touch of genius and the effect was profound. It heartened a darkened world and the bearers of the light as well.

Yet what was it that was added to the effectiveness of the Red Cross or the loyalty of a devoted Red Cross worker? Not a single sweater or pair of socks or a surgical dressing; not a grocery order or a ton of coal to the distressed family of a man overseas; not a nurse to the hospitals in France or Belgium or Italy, nor a dollar for the replenishment of a treasury that was pouring out millions for the renewal of life and hope in those stricken regions. It is conceivable that no material expression of Red Cross loyalty could be traced directly to that symbolic act.

It was no time for idle mummery. Henry P. Davison and his War Council associates had no leisure for stage play or esthetic self-indulgence. They were not devising a unique Christmas Eve display for its beauty or general suggestiveness. Their supreme task was to make the Red Cross an efficient producing factory. Yet they knew that the deep sentimental and spiritual purpose behind the Red Cross and all its outward activities had its natural instinct for dramatic self-avowal, and that the simple gesture of the illuminated poster in the window would impart warmth and compelling power to the spirit that brings sweaters and nurses and surgical supplies, home service and war-zone service, into being. Desperately as the Red Cross needed those things, it needed even more the self-committal, the open espousal, the tide of corporate fellowship, of human souls. To work *for* it, to give *to* it, was good, nay, indispensable; yet one thing was lacking—to be *of* it, and say so to one's self and to others. That vital something *plus* was what the lighted Red Cross emblem added. The slogan of Red Cross membership campaigns used to be "Your heart and a dollar." The heart was sounder for dramatizing what the dollar transmuted. The Red Cross needed both.

And that avowal of sentiment could be a universal contribution. Not all could give personal service; not all could give large sums of money; still fewer could give administrative skill; but all could give themselves and swell the tide of commendation and spiritual appeal. They could make the Red Cross not only a workshop, but the heartening voice of American compassion, the lifter-up of standards of cheer and re-enforcement for a dispirited humanity.

Now do we not have in that Red Cross demonstration in a great crisis, which needed no argument, so instinctively was its value felt, a singularly clear illustration of the *rationale* of formal church membership—the personal avowal of loyalty to the kingdom of God and to its Leader? I am not thinking of those whose excuses conceal—but not wholly—their real lack of interest in a cause which condemns the ruling interests of un-Christian lives. They need not interpretation but conversion. I am thinking of many who honestly ask, "What more can I give or gain by the rite of confirmation than I am giving now?" They are regular attendants at church, not perfunctorily but that they may better learn to co-operate in the study and practise of the religion of Christ. They exemplify in personal and social conduct much of the spirit of the Master. They have enlisted in the kingdom if not in the visible body of disciples. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." By that test they are disciples whom Christ would own and whom no one professing to be disciple may dare to disown. What can they add to that?

They can add what the Red Cross member added by the light in the window—his personal avowal. And the results are the same—the quickening of one's own sense of self-committal and the enlarging of the tide of Christian sentiment in the community on which its Christian ideals and Christianizing institutions are borne.

There are many forms of church interest and Christian loyalty. Church attendance is one. Christian character is another. Service in some form of helpful activity is another. Financial support is another. And except it issue in some such practical expressions, formal avowal is lifeless and a sham. That is true, but it is also true that they count for most when one flies over them the flag of the spiritual domain whose ideals they utter. Sentiment? Yes, but sentiment rules men. The Church needs it for its morale as truly as the nation. Because one's neighbor may fly his country's flag to conceal his purpose to dishonor the country's soul does not prevent one from flying his flag as an avowal of his purpose to redeem it. Flag-flying does not create patriotism, but it does stimulate it. What is true of national patriotism is equally true of religious. Let us who really love the Church and its cause dramatize the love, show our colors and fly its flag.

It is not enough that a man prove his love for his wife and family by unremitting provision for their needs. He should on occasion *say* it. Many a family is starved in its inner life because a devoted father, in revolt against the insincerity that says so many things it does not mean, means so many things he does not say. Sneers at the futility of words are beside the mark. It was said of Luther, "His words are half battles." If a man's character is assailed, your open avowal of faith is your greatest service. That self-committal strengthens him and renews your own faith, which from an unavowed loyalty may ooze away.

So it is with the Church in this day of moral laxness and religious thoughtlessness. It is being assailed with a power insidious and deadly. The need is urgent that people who believe in Christian ideals say so in definite and concerted fashion. The best gift any one can give the Church and its cause is one's self; no other gift, however necessary in its place, can be an adequate substitute. We can not expect an indifferent world to take the Church any more seriously than its friends appear to take it. The greatest peril to the Church is not the hostility of its avowed foes but the half-hearted devotion of its well-intentioned but unavowed friends. The greatest need of the Church to-day is the frankly avowed identification of those who wish it well.

Now if we are to urge church membership as a symbol of self-committal, we must divest it of ideals to which one has no right to commit himself and of meanings that deny the genius of liberal Christianity. That means that we Universalists must emphasize clearly one or two things.

One is that no outward ceremonial act can make one a Christian. That is a matter of spiritual fact, to be determined by spiritual, not institutional, tests. It can, however, make a more effective Christian.

At the confirmation service one who has the spirit of loyalty to the Church virtually says, "I believe in your principles and cause; count me in." Is not that a right thing to do? The Church asks of you that you honestly decide for yourself what loyalty to the Christian spirit requires in personal conduct. No official church rule presumes to decide that for you. Do you believe in that? It says that any one who believes in God as the Universal Father and in His invincible goodness, and who desires to join with his fellows in the study and practise of the religion of Christ, is welcome to our fellowship, with entire liberty in the puzzling theological questions that so often separate people. When you enter the Church Universal through the Universalist Church you bring your intellectual freedom with you. Do you believe in that? Then give the Church and the world the benefit of your avowal of belief and loyalty.

The liberal type of the Christian religion has its correlative type of church membership, to which our Universalist practise must conform. It regards personal loyalty to the kingdom of God, under the leadership of Christ, as the central and sufficient requirement. It emphasizes not "safety religion" but "service religion." Therefore the Universalist type of church membership is not a profession of excellence but an avowal of loyalty.

It is a living faith in certain basal principles, not simply assent to an official creed. Therefore the Universalist type of church membership means not creed subscription, but a purpose to live as a child of God and a helper of men. It raises Christ's standard of discipleship: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Do you believe in that sort of Church? It is a good thing to withhold allegiance from a type of religion and of a Church in which you do not believe; it is a better thing to give avowed allegiance to the sort of religion and Church in which you do believe. We ask nothing to which a free-minded, conscientious man can not subscribe. We do ask him to give to the Church that commends itself to his reason and conscience the greatest gift in his power—himself.

Cruising Around These United States

XV On Brimstone Corner

John van Schaick, Jr.

AT dinnertime I discovered that there was to be a Fundamentalist Bible Conference at Park Street Church to-night and determined to go. I pictured myself as writing them up as earnest, good people wanting fundamentally about the same things as I want, and simply using other forms and words. I felt expansive, kindly and tolerant—perhaps a little superior and patronizing, but determined to be brotherly and fair.

Well, I have been, and I alternately chuckled and raged all the way home. It was the most impossible outfit I ever struck. I might have gone to the automobile show and worshiped God through the wonders of mechanics, or to Lowell Institute and heard George Macaulay Trevelyan on "British History," or to the Boston City Club and heard Thos. R. Marshall on "What I learned from my experiences in Washington," or to a free lecture in the Boston Public Library by Leroy Jeffers on "The Call of the Mountains," or to the Appalachian Mountain Club and seen illustrated lecture on "Mt. Katahdin and Its Surroundings," or to hear Margaret Sanger on "Birth Control," or the head of the General Electric Company on "Business as a Career," or Swisher on "Psycho-Analysis," or to the Brookline Swimming Meet, or an amateur boxing bout, or to any one of twenty other things listed in the *Transcript's* "What Is Going on To-night." But I chose the fundamentalists. I went down to Park St. Church (Brimstone Corner) and entered the basement. As I reached the door, I heard a voice in prayer, a man in the congregation, and this is what he said:

"We thank Thee for the Lord Jesus, that we are saved by his blood, that we are a heavenly minded people, pilgrims going through this world. We thank Thee that we waste no time on social reform for this old wrecked and ruined world, that we are a people set apart. Help us to bend all our energies to get people to make this pilgrimage with us to the Holy City."

There I had the worst of fundamentalism at the first crack—before I was seated. And I judged from the amens that here was a roomful of people permeated with that horrible idea that this good world is a "goner," all efforts to help it and improve it useless or worse than useless, and religion merely a life preserver.

There are selfish people and bad people enough in the world—indifferent people, too, who won't help, but when you go and take well disposed people who

want the right thing and pump them full of the vile doctrine that you might just as well let things go to smash and all you can do is to save your own skin, you are committing about the greatest atrocity in the whole catalogue of atrocities perpetrated in the name of religion.

They sang "Dying He Saved Me," then the leader called on another man, an English cockney, to pray, and he prayed with touching fervor and simplicity: 'We thank Thee for the Lord Jesus, that he has taken our place on the cross, that he is no longer on the cross or in the tomb, but in glory at the Father's right hand, and soon to come for us who have been saved by his power."

The address of the evening was on "The Stone and Rock of Ages," by the Rev. A. C. Gaebelein, D. D. For twenty-four years he has visited Boston and conducted the "Boston and New England Bible Conference." This year the conference has lasted three days, with meetings at Lawrence at the same time.

The leader has had the help of Dr. A. Gordon McLennan of Philadelphia, of whom the program said: "He is the pastor of Bethany Collegiate Presbyterian Church where the late Mr. John Wanamaker used to attend. Mr. McLennan is one of the outstanding leaders of the conservatives in the Presbyterian denomination. His bold stand against men of the type of Fosdick, Merrill, Sloan Coffin and other modernists has endeared him to all evangelical believers. He has a message."

Dr. Gaebelein spoke with a strong German accent and looked like a converted Jew. One seldom finds a better Bible student, or a worse, depending on your standpoint. One seldom finds a man better read in the Bible, more familiar with every nook and corner of it, more deeply versed in the lore of the Talmud and the writings of the patristic fathers. And one would have to go far to find a more mistaken man in his fundamental conceptions of the Bible, more fanciful in his interpretations, more arbitrary in wresting words from sentences and sentences from verses to make them utter a prophecy or fulfil one.

"I began," said he, "with an address which concerned itself with the Lord Jesus. I want to close with the same. He is the Alpha and Omega, the first and last, the beginning and end."

Then he went through the Bible searching for the word "rock" or "stone," and always it meant Jesus.

Thus in the 49th chapter of Genesis, where it speaks of Joseph and says "from thence is the shepherd the stone of Israel," it means Jesus.

The brethren of Joseph all represent something too: Reuben, Simeon and Levi are a perfect picture of Old Testament apostasy. Zebulon, Issachar and Dan represent the dispersion, and so on through the list, with Joseph representing Christ coming again to take possession of the earth and deliver his brethren. Moses smiting the rock likewise typifies Christ.

"Somewhere in the world to-day," said the preacher, "is Moses' rod. It is a stick which has leaves and flowers and fruit. If it had withered, it would mean that the priesthood had withered. Up to the time of the Babylonian captivity the Jews knew where it was. They could go in and see it, with the manna and the tables of stone. Some day we will excavate ancient Jerusalem and I should not be surprised if we find Moses' rod. You could take the rod to Harvard University and show them, but they wouldn't believe it." There was a long disquisition on "the stone which the builders rejected which became the headstone of the corner."

The audience began to warm up and ejaculate amen when he showed who would run against the stone and be broken, and they got positively enthusiastic when he described on whom it would "fall and grind them to powder."

"Behind all this modernism," he said, "is a sink of iniquity and immorality. A good woman said to me this afternoon: 'There lodges in my house a modernist preacher. He has not even a Bible in his room and he smokes cigarettes.' Such preachers get their inspiration from cigarette smoke. The Lord Jesus has pronounced judgment on the rationalists and ritualists who deny him. They are 'full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness.' "

Nothing was said of the ethics of renting rooms and then playing the spy, eavesdropper, talebearer and in all probability bearer of false witness. Justice, mercy, truthfulness, fairness, kindness and other elements of "mere morality" didn't seem to assume much prominence in the meeting.

As to Peter and the rock, he told Romanists (if any) present to take this: Jesus never said to Peter "You are a rock," but simply "piece of a rock." "I am the rock." "On this rock," meaning myself, "I will build my church."

In closing he went back again to Daniel: "And all at once there is seen a stone falling from heaven, . . . and every part is pulverized, ground to powder." "That is coming," said the speaker. "Conditions are right for it now. All government is a failure. How we ought to hang our heads in shame at the revelations in Washington. There are many more just as bad who think they are too smart to be found out. The anarchists and radicals will get such a start from these revelations that they will destroy the whole thing. You can't boast any more of your wonderful government of the people, by the people, for the people. There never can be anything like that. Some day the Lord God will take His Church home and the stone of judgment will fall."

Then we all sang "God be with you till we meet again," and with laughing and chatting and handshaking piled out on to Tremont Street, with its lights and automobiles and rough-necks who are not saved and who are going to get pulverized, according to the doctrine of the meeting, but who would plunge under the ice of the Charles River to save little drowning boys, or die in the Argonne Forest if need be for their country, or help pull your car out of a snow bank with jolly good-will and never take any pay.

Up Tremont Street I walked with the cold wind coming down from the north, and the clear stars overhead, and fellow human beings all around me coming from lectures, or out of the movies, looking in shop windows, laughing, chatting, going their ways utterly oblivious of the doom pronounced against them by the zealot and his devotees.

They were just the average lot, but Jesus looked

on that kind of people and loved them. He told us about a God who loved them too, and yearned over them, and rejoiced in them when they turned to Him.

Up past old St. Paul's I made my way, and the sign told about some wonderful music to be given there on Friday night. Perhaps the ritualists who gather there don't know about Zebulon and Issachar and Dan, and what they mean in prophecy. Perhaps Handel and Haydn and Wagner and Mozart were wrong in catching the melodies of the world—trying to make it a better world, to give visions and dreams and ideals to this lost race.

On up Boylston Street I came to Trinity, and passed the figure of the rugged preacher who made the world seem different just by walking down the street. He never thanked God that he wasn't interested in social reform, or despaired of his fellow men. Nor did George A. Gordon, forty-two years at the Old South across the Square.

Abraham Lincoln saw a deal of brutality and wickedness. He understood perfectly the malice and anger and cruelty which eventually were to send a bullet into his brain. But he never despaired of "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

That is the awfulness of this miscalled fundamentalism. It destroys faith in man. It even destroys faith in the whole God process of creation. It denies that we are laborers together with God. It causes us to drop our tools and our weapons. It makes us turn our backs in the good fight for clean politics, honest government, a square deal and a helping hand.

The one possibility which cheers me up about the fundamentalists is that deep down underneath is a real self infinitely better than the evil, cowardly self they exhibited in the meeting to-night.

Boston, March 13, 1924.

Rediscovered Countries

III. The Rediscovery of Jesus' Method

Frank Durward Adams

IN the preceding chapter we discussed the emergence of Jesus out of the mists and shadows of medieval time and thought into the brighter light of the era in which we live. We saw him emerge as the Supreme Friend of man, humanity's one Leader whose spiritual authority has never been shaken. In the present chapter I wish to consider his method. Two simple questions I shall seek to answer: *From what* does Jesus save us, and *how* does he do it? Perhaps we are embarking upon a journey of rediscovery second to none in its importance and surprising results.

1. Men Eager to Be Saved—from What?

Only one half of his mission to men has been understood. That Jesus is the Saviour of the world theologians and laymen alike agree. But *from what* does he save us? That is the first question we need to have clearly answered.

Almost without exception theologians have taught that Jesus saves us, or will if we let him, from the *consequences* of sin; that is, from punishment, from the suffering and pain which always accompany or follow wrong-doing. On this basis have all the great systems of popular theology been builded. The doctrine of divine forgiveness has been interpreted in harmony with it. Our teachers and preachers nearly all tell us that to be forgiven of God, to accept the sacrificial work of Jesus, is to be relieved of all *the results* of the sins we have committed, and all *responsibility* for them. And this is what the world has always wanted to believe. Men have always been eager to be saved—from the consequences of their sins!

But the simple yet somewhat disconcerting truth is that such a doctrine is neither rational nor Christian. Jesus nowhere promises to do anything of the kind. There is not a recorded word of his making any such promise. What is the first New Testament declaration on this point? The angel said to Joseph, concerning the child that was to be born, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he it is that shall save his people *from their sins*"—not from the consequences thereof.*

If this were a sermon, that would be my text. This is the earliest statement from the pen of an evangelist, and it is in the truest sense of the word an *evangelical* saying. It states a truth which coincides with all the facts of experience. *From sin itself*, not from the consequences of sin, does Jesus come to save us. This is the half of his mission that the world has not understood. It is the part that must now be made plain. Suppose the popular teaching were true. Its effect would be disastrous; it has been disastrous. Any teaching that proposes a way of escape from the just penalties of wrong-doing is a pernicious teaching. It weakens moral fiber. And it palliates wrong-doing, even if it does not actually encourage it. It degrades and cheapens the Master's mission.

But to understand that Jesus comes to save us *from sin*, that is, from sinning, the very thing that entails the evil consequences, this is to get a wonderful new view of the meaning of the gospel. As Newell Dwight Hillis once put it: "He said plainly, I have come to redeem you from the power of sin and from the guilt of sin, leaving to nature the penalty of sin." To comprehend the full meaning of this is to rediscover both the mission and the method of the Saviour of the World.

Consider now the utterness, the completeness, of his work. Jesus proposes to save us from sin itself. Of what avail to take away the evil consequences of sin as long as the festering cause remains untouched? Of what avail to try to reduce the patient's fever as long as the inward cause of his fever is not removed? Of what use to heal a wound if another and another and yet another wound is to be endlessly inflicted? It is from sin itself that Jesus saves us. So here we arrive at our first conclusion. I think it can not be

*Matt. 1 : 21.

successfully challenged. Jesus saves us *from our sins*, not from the consequences thereof. We evade further consequences by refraining from further sin. But the results of sins already committed are not to be evaded.*

2. No Appeal to Fear

We now attack the other question. *How* does Jesus do this?

He does not do it by ignoring or blinking the fact of sin, as certain transcendental cults would have us believe. In the eyes of Jesus sin was a thing very real and very terrible. There were times when it seems to have stirred him to the very depths of his nature. But he did not go to the opposite extreme. He did not affirm, as so many of his would-be interpreters have done, that mankind is utterly depraved because all men sin. He recognized the fact of sin as an engineer recognizes a hill which must be leveled or tunneled, never doubting his ability to accomplish the task. The problem of sin in human life will never be solved by refusing to recognize it, but by realizing that there is a power wholly able to overcome it. I do not question the fact of darkness when I reach out for the switch that is to turn on the light. Nor do I waste any time philosophizing upon the fact. I hasten to get in touch with a more powerful fact, which is light.

This was the method of Jesus. He knew that there is something in man more powerful than any sin and every sin. And the secret of his method is that he always makes his appeal to *that something*. To the man or woman who came oppressed with a sense of the burden of sin, came imploring relief from that burden, he was wont to say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." That feeling of oppression was removed by his gracious words. Then he was able to get at the soul of the individual.

But this he did not do by any appeal to fear. We find intimations here and there in the gospel stories that Jesus sometimes played upon the fear instinct. But it is significant that there is no record of any individual man or woman having been redeemed from sin by that method. John the Baptist also tried it. But the kingdom of heaven is not taken by storm. Jesus saves men by simply appealing to the best in them—to their idealism, which is the realest thing in every one of us, to their natural craving for purity, to their instinctive hunger and thirst after righteousness. And that Something in every man which is like himself, that responds. "The soul is little brother to him who comes to save it."

It is only within the last three or four decades that this signal rediscovery has been applied on a considerable scale in the work of evangelizing the world. The unfailing method of Jesus may be stated in a sentence. He saves us from our sins by appealing to our *real selves;* he redeems us from our worst by calling forth our best. And that this has become the true form of the Christian appeal is conclusively shown by the recognition it has received in the three most popular forms of literature—the drama, the novel and the short story. In the present chapter I purpose setting forth one striking example from each of these three literary realms, beginning with the well-known drama by Jerome K. Jerome, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

3. The Christ of the Boarding-House

You will recall the scene of the play, a shabby, threadbare boarding-house, kept by a stingy, scheming, dishonest woman, yet a woman clinging almost desperately to the idea that she caters only to "people of quality." A more hopeless and altogether unlovely group it would be impossible to find, from the sour-souled landlady herself down to the little slavey who drudges in the kitchen. This little slavey, Stasia, has been taken from a jail or an institution very like it, and must submit to the tyranny of her mistress or brave the perils of the London streets. One of the lodgers, a coarse-seeming fellow, but with a taste for music, by the offer of a pair of gaudy imitation emerald ear-rings, has almost persuaded her to keep a midnight tryst with him. Little Stasia is standing right at the parting of the ways.

The London afternoon is more than ordinarily dank and gloomy when the Stranger comes. The fog hangs heavy and thick, the air is damp and chill. The boarding-house sitting-room is even less inviting than usual. The landlady is working over her accounts, slipping in an overcharge here and scheming out an unfair advantage there, meanwhile fretting and nagging at the little, unkempt, woe-begone Stasia, who is making the preparations for the evening meal, not the least important of which is adding a little *more* water to the alleged cream. An hour or two earlier in the afternoon Stasia had put a card in the front window advertising the vacant room on the third floor back. But she did it surreptitiously, for her mistress thinks window-card advertising is a bit too cheap for an establishment like hers!

The two wrangle back and forth as the scene works up. Every word, every gesture, conveys a sense of the meanness, the sordidness, of it all. At last the little slavey bursts out in disgusted despair: "You're an old thief! . . So you are . . So am I—and wuss! What's the good of us all, that's what I want to know? What's the good of us all!" And her mistress can only echo in a hopeless kind of daze, "What's the good of us all?"

Just then the Stranger comes, as he always does at the moment of our extremity. Comes when the heart is sick and the spirit breaking. Comes to show us the hollowness of all human redemption. "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

The bell rings insistently. The two stare at each other in surprise. A guest is so unusual, so unexpected. It must be in response to the card which Stasia has put in the window. Wise little Stasia! Wiser than she knew. She goes to the door; comes back with a rapt look upon her face as if she has seen a vision. And presently the Stranger enters. I can not describe him; but your heart will do that for you when I tell you that he is the Christ, the Better Self, come to take the vacant room on the third floor back, come to redeem that sordid, scheming, selfish group of men

*For detailed discussion of questions inevitably prompted by this statement the reader is referred to Chapters 5, 6 and 7 of this volume.

and women to the true knowledge of their own souls.

The play is so familiar that I shall not go into detail. You know how the quiet influence of the Stranger works the transformation. The cheat becomes the refined lady of the house; the rogue becomes the honorable Jew, proud of his noble racial inheritance; the lewd race-track gambler voluntarily gives up the girl he has meant to buy with his fortune, and makes it possible for her to marry the idealistic young artist whom she really loves, and incidentally saves the artist to his dreams. Every one in the place is born again; and the shabby, mean, threadbare boarding-house itself glows with the cozy, warm atmosphere of a real home, because Love has taken up its abode there.

It may be objected that the victory is too sweeping, too complete, the story too good to be true. Not so. The Christ is every day working miracles equally great in our human life. Opening the eyes of the blind is a little thing compared to that of opening your eyes and mine to the real truth about ourselves and others. Healing a paralytic is a little thing compared to that of lifting you and me up out of our delusions about ourselves to an understanding of the Christ that is within us, the hope and assurance of glory.

4. The Method of the Stranger

Just one incident will illustrate the method and power of the Stranger. He walks right into the heart of Stasia, the poor little slavey, who has never known the meaning of love and kindness. The first thing he does is to carry a heavy tray of dishes for her from the dining-room to the kitchen. No one had ever done such a thing for her before; and that act of kindness is like drawing back a curtain and revealing to her a vision of right and noble living. Instinctively she turns away from the trap which the coarse lodger has set for her. The Stranger has made her understand, yet without saying a word about it, that she is too good for that sort of thing. With a great fatherly affection he opens his arms and his heart to the heart-hungry little maid, inviting her to their protection. She longs to fly to their embrace, but she shrinks back. She feels that she is such a wicked, sinful thing. "You don't understand," she says; "I—I'm a bad 'un." But how well he *had* understood! "Did I ask you that?" he says, with his rare and kindly smile. "Do you mean it don't matter? . . . I didn't know." And the Stranger folds the happy child to his heart.

Just at the end of the play, as the Stranger is about to go forth into the world again, she says to him: "Oh, it was such a muddle before you came—life! everything! I couldn't make head or tail of it. And all the while it is beautiful!" And as the Stranger goes out the door, a beam of afternoon sunshine comes streaming in; and the little maid, no longer a slavey but a woman who has found her soul, stands with outstretched arms, her upturned face bathed in the glory of the sunlight.

The utter simplicity of it! He just appealed to their best. He might have done the usual thing. The landlady might have been exposed and pilloried for her petty thieving. That is the usual method. But what real good would that have done? The rascally Jew might have been arrested for working his little confidence-racket. That is the usual method. But what real good would it have done? The lecherous old gambler might have been denounced; the girl who was willing to sell herself to him might have been held up to scorn; the little slavey's intrigue with the coarse lodger might have been aired before all the company. That is the usual method. But what real good would it have done? They all knew these things already; yet each was persisting in his folly. But the Stranger treated each one like a king or a queen. He assumed that each one in his heart was good. And each one's native royalty nobly responded.

"He it is that shall save his people *from their sins*." And that is *how* he does it.

(To be concluded)

"An All-American Bible"

Daniel Evans

NATIONALISM is rampant. It is running amuck. The latest exhibition of it is the proposal to have an "All-American Bible." Chauvinism is bad in politics, but it is worse in religion, and worst of all in liberal religion. It reminds one of the remark of the Unitarian woman who said, "My father is so liberal that he will not even exchange pulpits with Dr. E. E. Hale." This new move to have an All-American Bible is so liberal that it will not take anything good if it does not bear the trademark: "Made in America."

We have a right to be proud of our great Americans, and to treasure their immortal utterances, and to appreciate the service they have rendered us and the world. The names of Washington, Jefferson, Adams and Lincoln, and, in our own day, of Wilson and Jane Addams stir our hearts and quicken our minds. Their characters are worthy our imitation, their principles are basic for our democracy, their utterances are our inspiration.

It is therefore from no desire to depreciate our American spiritual heritage that we note the serious limitations of the proposal to make an All-American Bible. No one can study these men and their principles and great utterances without recognizing that they were not original with them. Their sources are to be found elsewhere. We can not explain them apart from other literatures and great political thinkers and moral leaders. And certainly their noble characters can not be explained apart from the Christian religion. The dead and the living among them would be the first to say that they were made by influences that came from other lands and literatures and, in particular, from Judea and the Christ. The greater the men, the more emphatic has been their refusal to be put on the same level with Christ.

Moreover, why should we impoverish ourselves by limiting ourselves to an All-American Bible? However good it may be, it is not good enough. Why cut ourselves off from the other great moral and re-

ligious movements? Why refuse to find "pasturage for our souls" in the other great literatures? We must remember that in an All-American Bible the writings of no Englishman, nor German, nor Italian, nor Frenchman, nor Jew shall have any place. Look through your library, note the authors of your greater books, recall those to whom you have recourse for reconstruction, refreshment and inspiration for noble living, and ask yourself how many of these will be omitted from this proposed Bible. If we are to make a new Bible should not our selection be broader?

It is well for us also to bear in mind that religion is not like some fashion, vogue, fad, or craze, which can be produced by artificial, or even deliberate methods. All the great religions of the world have taken centuries to become what they are; their founders were few and far between. The religions that are All-American are not products or creations that most Americans are proud of. And those who propose a new religion and a new Bible are not satisfied with these All-American religions. I was once invited to the christening of a new religion in Boston just before the war. It was to be a religion without God, or any international ideal, or hope of immortality. It was to be an All-American religion. Its founder was born in this country, but had spent most of his mature life out of it. Its god was to be the American inventive genius, its ritual was to be humanistic, and its ideal nationalistic. Some christened the baby, but others said it would not live, and alas, it died from the shock of the World War, which was a magnificent exhibition of what nationalistic religions mean and can do.

If we want a new Bible, why not make it, not an All-American, but an All-Human, Bible? In such a Bible, I dare say, there will be much taken from the old Bible, which has proved its incomparable and imperishable value for the soul of man, and there will be many portions left out which, while of great historical significance, have no present moral and religious value, and there will be added the great utterances of men of all lands.

"Never from the lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic Oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of the nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below.
The canticles of love and woe."

The Birth and Growth of Religion

James W. Vallentyne

THE quest for beginnings is a romantic and intoxicating adventure. For a thorough souse of mental exhilaration one should study the inceptions and developing steps in the growth of our virtues, ideals and institutions.

This is not only a Mardi Gras but it is the very foundation of good understanding. Frazer is wholly right when he says that "the question of the validity of beliefs and the worth of institutions can hardly be divorced from the question of their origin."

Professor Westermarck has given us an encyclopedic treatment of the origin and development of our moral ideas. A supreme need of serious readers is a history of the human conceptions of God. A field of equal importance waiting the skill of genius is the genealogy of our Christian doctrines. Of course nothing is of much worth unless it is done with an abandon that brings all the facts into the horizon of vision.

George Foot Moore, professor of the History of Religion in Harvard University, has done a very great service to the layman in putting into concise form and into a delightfully readable story "The Birth and Growth of Religion" (Scribners). The reader will be conscious again and again that he is being treated to some rare products of an artist. The work is not as comprehensive as that of Professor Toy or as that of Professor Hopkins, but it is skillfully done and brings the matter into the easy and happy reach of the popular reader.

The chapters are not uniformly good, but to ask that would be to set up a test that would stifle production and sacrifice information on the altars of beauty. The opening chapter on the antecedents and rudiments of religion impressed this reader as showing more master skill than any of the others. It is comprehensive. The author reaches fundamentals and deals with them with the pen of genius.

To the question, "How did men ever come to create religion at all?" the author answers: "If we seek a motive, universal, supreme, perpetual, it will be found in the impulse to self-preservation. . . . Its elemental manifestations are directed to escaping or combating the enemies of life and well-being, and satisfying organic needs such as hunger and sexual appetite. . . . The individual is not, however, exclusively interested in himself, because he does not and can not exist by himself. . . . There are things in life that are of greater worth in his estimation than life itself; things that alone make life worth living. . . And above all worthful things is the worth of self to self—of self in the highest conception of it. Man comes to realize that this is not something given, a native endowment which is merely to be conserved, but that all that is of supreme value is to be achieved through the realization of what in nature is only potential. For the negative, self-preservation, we must then put its positive complement, self-realization, the beginning and achieving of all that it is in human nature to be. With this understanding of its implications and unfoldings we may say that self-preservation is the universal motive in religion."

He finds the primitive concept of God beginning in the belief that all action is the action of somebody, that invisible persons take part in phenomena. In conformity to the customs of the community, and in nothing else, primitive morality consists. Wrong is what excites the resentment of the group and right is what arouses its approval.

Condensation is so great and the author's sug-

gestions of sane conclusions are so illusive that the reader is often uneasy for an explanation. The author *appears* to be keeping away from the big issues and from the questions the modern reader wants his answer upon. The facts scarcely justify the statement that he does avoid the larger issues in the period he covers, but the reader is not sure of it until he searches.

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory part of the book is his stopping place. He carries one through to the Christian era. He states the factors that made up the Christian religion and there stops. The reader has a right to ask that any discussion of the birth and growth of religion should not fall short of a discussion of at least the adolescence of his own religion.

"Christianity was a synthesis in which all the higher aspirations and endeavors of the Mediterranean area for long centuries were unified. . . Platonism remained what may be called the orthodox philosophy of the Church. . . . Historical Christianity is a cord of three strands, Jewish ethical monotheism, Helenistic soteriology, and Greek philosophy."

This excellent book might well have ended with a statement of what seems most real and dependable in the religion we now have. If the author feared that this might be "an infringement upon some other department" he might with confidence have escorted his students to some temple-pinnacle that they might see the world's expectant face turned to the temple, or, fearing this as not wholly judicial and non-partisan, he could have led the way to some eminence of nature's own rock from which men might do their own looking upon the kingdoms of the world under the inspirations of history.

Here and There in the Field of Religion

THE last big question raised in the field of religion goes straight into the near-by fields of business, economics and politics.

"Who is to control the radio?" Which big corporation is to reign supreme? It will be a battle of giants. Just how far do new inventions permitting broadcasting without the help of wires infringe patents already granted?

Another big question is: Who is to say what goes out? Shall the Democrats or Republicans rule? Shall the Fundamentalists broadcast whenever they choose and Universalists be refused?

The Rev. Charles Francis Potter, of the West Side Unitarian Church, New York, advertised that he would have broadcast his discussion of "The New American Bible," and then had to withdraw the notice. He had been refused use of the radio. He made an address March 8, declaring that this censorship is dangerous.

Secretary Hoover issues from Washington a broadside of his own against any monopoly of the air.

It may be that people will have to take Dr. John Roach Straton more seriously than they have. Recently he has attacked the American Museum of Natural History, as reported by the *New York Times:*

A large congregation had been attracted by a large sign outside the church which read:

"Is the American Museum of Natural History misspending the taxpayers' money and poisoning the minds of school children by false and bestial theories of evolution? Ought not the Bible to be exhibited at the museums as well as a lot of musty old bones?"

On this basis, Dr. Straton assailed Professor Osborn for so arranging the exhibits that it was made to appear that man was not the direct creation of God, as the Bible asserts, but came out of the slime through a succession of reptiles and beasts. He said that not only were the minds of millions of New York school children poisoned by the exhibits, but that the poison was made plausible by the clever manner in which they were presented.

He concluded by demanding that the Bible be placed in the "Hall of the Age of Man" so that both sides of the story of creation of man may be set forth. Dr. Straton said in part:

"Some time ago I made a visit to the American Museum of Natural History when I spent several hours with Dr. Osborn's main associate in the museum and a professor in Columbia University. I went there to get at first hand the real data and the actual grounds for their exhibit, and the teaching which they are giving through the exhibit to our school children and other visitors. I asked the professor during that visit how old the scientists estimated the bones of the so-called Java Ape-Man really were. His reply was: '500,000 years.' In the face of the doubt that he had expressed concerning the teachings of the Bible, I could not refrain from asking him if he really was credulous enough honestly to believe that those few old bones had been lying there in that gravel pit, beside what is now a rushing stream, and in the face of flood and fire, earthquake and volcanic action and the radical climatic changes which are known to have occurred upon the surface of the globe, for 500,000 years of time!

"And yet this is the evidence upon which the faith of our children in the Bible account of creation is being destroyed. During the hours that the professor and I were together there that day in the museum literally hundreds of school children passed through the 'Hall of the Age of Man' and looked at the exhibits of those old bones with the re-creations of alleged men, etc. They came by classes—groups of twenty-five, forty and fifty—all of them accompanied by their teachers.

"The scene was interesting. There was the first showcase in the hall—a sort of synopsis of the whole theory. Down at one end of the line in that showcase they have the skull of a little monkey no bigger than one's fist. Next to it is the skull of an orang-outang, and then a chimpanzee, and then an old male gorilla, and then a young gorilla, and then the so-called 'Java-ape-man,' and then a bronze model bust of that gentleman, and then the 'Piltdown' skull, and then the 'Neanderthal' skull, and then the 'Talgai' skull, and then the 'Cro Magnon' skull, and at last the skull of a modern white man.

"Now all of these skulls are placed side by side in a sort of sliding scale, and though they came from widely separated parts of the earth and have absolutely no conceivable connection one with the other, a casual glance naturally creates the impression that it is intended to be taught that they started with the tiny skull of the little monkey at one end, and that each one of these forms of animals came out of the other, up and up, until modern man was reached.

"I said to the professor that day, what I now say to this audience, that it is not only a waste of the taxpayer's money to spend it in such an exhibit, but that it is treason to God Almighty and a libel against the human race to put into the immature minds of little children the degrading idea that we have come up from the beasts on 'evidence' so flimsy, so tricky and so untrustworthy as that which has been assembled there! I also said to the professor, what I will likewise repeat here, that common honesty and fair play and right treatment of the God-fearing elements in the community—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish alike—demand that some showing be made there in that so-called 'Hall of the Age of Man' of the Bible philosophy of life."

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, head of the museum, sent the

following letter to Dr. Straton Saturday afternoon by special delivery, after his attention had been called to the announcement of the proposed attack:

"My attention has been called to the fact that you propose to make charges against the American Museum of Natural History. This is a very serious matter. I would remind you of the scriptural quotation: 'If any of ye offend the little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him to hang a millstone around his neck and plunge into the depths of the sea.'

"Millions of children visit the museum annually and attend the lectures. Nothing is set forth that any intelligent observer could not find for himself in nature."

Dr. Osborn answered later both the personal attacks against himself and against the museum.

"In regard to Dr. Straton's charges against me," said Professor Osborn, "I have only one answer to make to him and all who follow his lead now and henceforth. That is set forth in the preface to my pamphlet 'Evolution and Religion,' which answered William Jennings Bryan at the outset of the fundamentalist-modernist controversy. If Dr. Straton and the rest of the world desire to know my views they are made plain in that book.

"The charges against the museum are a more serious matter. The museum speaks for itself, however. There can be no argument. There are only facts. The museum is not a collection of theories. Everything is taken from nature from top to bottom. All theories are excluded. In brief, our function is, always has been and always will be, to present nature as accurately and truthfully as possible in visible form."

Professor Osborn, in his pamphlet, "Evolution and Religion," says in part:

"This essay was written rapidly in reply to William Jennings Bryan in a statement he made in the *New York Times* of Sunday, Feb. 26, 1922. In the meantime the movement started by Mr. Bryan has become nation-wide because it has been espoused by the religious leaders who term themselves fundamentalists.

"I am not writing to convince Mr. Bryan himself and his many followers. That you may avoid all religious doubts and difficulties, first accept as the foundation of your faith the creed which runs through the Old and New Testaments alike and is best expressed in the grand old Latin phrase '*Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tu.*' (Full are the heavens and Thy glorious earth.) Without this creed you may be an atheist or an agnostic. With this creed you are in a secure citadel of faith, because when discovery follows discovery and you are obliged to surrender the preconceptions of man in his ignorance as to the sun moving around the earth, as Joshua believed, as to the flatness of the earth, as to the universe being formed in six days of twenty-four hours, as to all the millions of species of animals and plants being made within four days, as to man being made in the image of God in one day, as to woman being made out of the rib of man—you remain serene, because you humbly accept the universe and man as God willed them.

"You may be convinced that your misgivings and prejudices against nature will all be resolved, if you simply repeat to yourself: 'I accept nature as God made it; truth is truth and must prevail.'

"Nothing should be more clearly or more emphatically taught to our youth than that the Bible is the story of the spiritual and moral progress of man, in less degree his intellectual progress—in those senses a perpetual source of inspiration and help."

After Dr. Straton's attack Professor Osborn said:

"The American Museum of Natural History can take care of itself. I do not think Dr. Straton's charges of 'treason against God' and 'libel on the human race' are worthy of any further statement. I should like to make it plain that no one at the museum—myself least of all—is in any way perturbed or irritated by the preacher's activities. It is certainly not the intention of the museum to enter into any controversy with Mr. Straton on the issues he raises.

"There is one point, however, on which I should like to correct him. He charges that the taxpayers' money is misspent by the museum. This is probably an unintentional error on his part. Evidently he is not aware that the many millions of dollars' worth of exhibits have been purchased solely through voluntary contributions. The buildings, of course, are put up by the city, but the annual expenditure for museum activities, which reach far afield, is only made possible by the generosity of the New York public."

The Harvard Union has invited Dr. Straton to speak March 25 to expound his views.

On March 11 Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of New York spoke to five hundred students at the Harvard Union, referred to Dr. Straton's attack on the museum and said: "Do we need more than such illustrations to prove how necessary in matters of religion it is for more modern-minded students to express themselves, and to have their ideas as broadly placed and unofficial as possible?"

He declared that in the sixteenth century political questions were religious questions. "We are returning to such a condition," said he, "and can see in religious bigotry a persecution and political threat. Now, the basis of all this conservative certitude and attack upon progressiveness is to be found in the miraculous character of the religion the fundamentalists profess, and the sense of providential care and direction under which they flourish. If Jesus is to return in clouds of glory and sends Brother Straton to serve as his prime minister, these tirades against modern knowledge and expansion are quite intelligent."

Dr. Grant also referred to what he termed "middle of the road people," declaring them to be as dangerous "in a more subtle way as these conservative relics of past ages."

"Let scholars study, let believers believe," he continued, "but don't have any more controversy about this thing. Unity is a good thing, but truth is a better thing. Comfort is a good thing, but truth is a better thing. Jesus' definition of religion, it has been said, is doing the will of God, but our trouble to-day is in knowing the will of God. Jesus made love an interpreter of God's law, but even love is not always right. If the world knew the will of God thoroughly and clearly, without a doubt the world almost instantly would be turned into a kingdom of God. Ignorance is at the bottom of a great deal of human misconduct."

At the famous old Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, Dr. John Kelman preached his farewell sermon March 9. He succeeded the late Dr. Jowett four and one-half years ago. He came to New York from St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, and goes to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Frognal, Hampstead, England. Service in the war broke down Dr. Kelman's health and he is trying now a smaller parish. His subject Sunday was "The Inseparable Love of God."

Declaring that he believed in a closer friendship between Great Britain and the United States he said:

"It seems to me, as it has always seemed, that the greatest instrument of fusion between us will turn out in the end to be, not politics, nor commerce nor alliances, so much as personalities and human friendships. That was my conviction when I came among you, and these five years have strengthened it. How shall I speak to you of the love that has been lavished upon me and mine? How shall I thank you for your incomparable kindness

and courtesy to us? As I look back upon the men and women who have been around me, and who have given me friendship so unstinted, trusted me so well, and so loyally stood by me through all the days, I am aware of something which can not be expressed in words, but which, thank God, is understood by the instinctive discernment of love. I found such friends among the members of the session, and in all the boards of the church, and in the Women's Council. I have found such friendship in daily intercourse with many of you in your homes, and in all manner of private intimacies at times of joy and sorrow. I thank you for it with a heart full to overflowing, and enriched forever by what you have been to me. I thank God for it as one of the choicest gifts of life.

"Now I lay down my ministry. Yet I do not relinquish it, for in all future days and years I shall be with you in heart and spirit still. The memory of these years past will be a priceless treasure to me, and I would not omit them from the story of my life for anything that could have taken their place.

"As to my work here, you know it and will be able to judge it better than I can. I can honestly say that I have not sought popularity. I have not asked your praise and I have not feared your blame. God has given me certain strong convictions concerning the ways of men upon the earth and the secret divine springs of their life. I have believed in God the Father Almighty, incarnate in Jesus Christ our Lord, and still manifest in the mysterious power and presence of the Holy Spirit on the earth. I have tried steadily to relate questions that beset men's consciences and souls to the will of God and to the cross of Christ.

"One thing more I want to say. I am persuaded that in this dear land of America, where there is at present so much controversy about religious truth, there are matters of agreement infinitely greater and more vital than the things about which men differ. In this I speak, not for myself alone, but for my brethren in this Presbytery and in the Church at large.

"I am certain that in these deepest things many Christians are at one who seem for the moment to be widely apart from another. Let us leave God's truth to speak for itself, and to work out its own forms in the future religious life of this land and its churches. It is in this spirit that I now say to you, with deep thankfulness and love in my heart:

" 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.' For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say: 'Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.' "

Sherwood Eddy of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. has been assailed by the reactionary forces in the Protestant Church, but goes steadily on with his work in the interest of Christ and "his way of life."

Returning recently from another tour of the world, he has been visiting colleges in this country and speaking to thousands of students. He has been called "the bridge across the chasm of disbelief" on which students walk from shattered faith to a new and vital faith. He is becoming a great interpreter of Christ and his gospel in the light of modern knowledge.

At Dakota Wesleyan, South Dakota, almost the entire student body turned out morning and evening for three days. He found the college rent by the fundamentalist-modernist controversy, which is increasingly affecting the colleges of the South and the far West. It seemed to him, he said, a "great pity that this college of John Wesley, who so emphasized the great practical essentials of personal experience and the common objective of winning the world for Christ, should split over a fight on literal, mechanical and external things." He took up the five points of the fundamentalists: The verbal inspiration of an inerrant, infallible Bible. The virgin birth. The bodily resurrection. A particular theory of the blood atonement. The pre-millennial return of Christ to reign on earth.

In place of these he tried to show that there were five things upon which we could all agree with John Wesley—the five real fundamentals, determined by the emphasis of Christ himself, by their being central to Christian experience for all time, and capable of repeated verification. He put these over against the five points of the fundamentalists: An inspired Bible, giving us the knowledge of God as Father. Jesus' way of life and his emphasis on practical issues—"By their fruits ye shall know them." A living, risen Christ, giving us Eternal Life. The eternal principle of sacrifice found in the heart of God, culminating in the cross of Christ and carried out in all our lives. The fundamental principle of Love and the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth.

After speaking on these fundamentals upon which we could all agree, he threw the meeting open for questions and they poured in from every part of the hall. A few of the conservative, fundamentalist townspeople were in disagreement, but the faculty and almost the whole student body were with him, and things were cleared up so that this Wesleyan institution will be saved from the split which threatens to rend three denominations in this country.

The next three days he had a campaign in State College. They generously gave three morning convocations, canceling all classes and lectures. The three evening meetings were voluntary. A thousand students turned out and there was great interest. Two of the morning meetings were given to hitting hard on campus problems and moral issues, especially cribbing, cheating, gambling, swearing, drinking, lawlessness, impurity and indifference. On the second night he spoke on the fundamentalist controversy. The churches of the city had been divided and there was contention among the students. He spoke of the five fundamentals on which we could all agree and then threw the meeting open for questions. The entire audience stayed; the whole faculty seemed deeply grateful and asked for two meetings with the faculty, which he threw open for questions. A few of the fundamentalist students were shocked, but, he said, "I see no hope of saving the present generation without frankly facing this issue. We can never hope to win the present student generation by a position which attacks evolution and which is seeking to bar the teaching of this subject from the colleges of the country."

In Turkey Mustapha Kemal, President of the republic, deposes the Caliph and "stirs all Islam," which means 300,000,000 Moslems all over the world to whom the Caliph was a kind of pope. Back of the action is internal political division in Turkey. Constantinople, containing many of the old Turks, is against Angora, the head of the new Turkish republic. The Caliph in Constantinople, Abdul Medjid, was showing himself independent in some ways. The new republican government deposed him, banished him and his wives, confiscated the property of the Caliphate and abolished the office.

Our Prayers Together

(A Page Inspired by the Christ Crusade)

Why Keep Lent?

WHY specialize in devotion? Why set apart a particular season to practise religion? Should we not be religious always, every day? As well ask, why exercise at stated times, why go to church on Sunday? Why not worship every day wherever we may be? Why celebrate Christmas or Easter? Why keep Lent? For this reason: Human nature needs special occasions and earnest reminders of the highest things of life. We are prone to neglect the things of the spirit. Days and seasons are needed to emphasize the great things to which we habitually become indifferent. "Better forty days of Lent than a year of liberal indifference." Specializing in the practise of religion on Sunday, on special days, during Lent, gives us new habits of religious practise and deeper spiritual life.

Saturday, March 29

The home is distinctly a Christian institution. In Japan there is no word in the language which embodies the concept of home. The same is true in other pagan lands. Home has been preserved and made sacred among Christians by the family altar. Let us restore this safeguard to what, for each of us, is the dearest spot on earth.

Look graciously, we pray Thee, Heavenly Father, on this home of ours. Let faith abound and hope prevail, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee. Grant this through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Sunday, March 30

Here is the way, according to a recent report, that a man and his wife spent Sunday. They motored two hundred miles, stopped at noon for a dollar and a half dinner in a noisy, crowded hotel, rushed back through the country at forty miles an hour, finally arriving home utterly worn and weary. They had not opened a good book, they had not crossed the threshold of a church, they had not spent one moment in taking an honest look into their own hearts. What a contrast to those who keep the Sabbath by worship in quiet sanctuary, hallowed by associations of things divine and the exercise of reverence and spiritual communion!

O God, our Heavenly Father, help us this day to worship Thee in spirit and in truth, even in the beauty of holiness. Help us so to spend this holy day as to please Thee. Send down upon all ministers, especially our own, Thy heavenly blessing. Help them fearlessly and lovingly to preach Thy word, and may we listen to our duty with honest hearts and be fitted for the work which lies before us. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Monday, March 31

Many things ought to be eliminated from our lives as we live from day to day. Even from the side of physical need, it is well to forego certain things. Slaves to appetite would do well to fast. One of our great baseball players never smokes cigarettes during the baseball season. He says he has steadier nerves for it. That's fasting. Professor James says, "To fast is worth while for a man sometimes, just to give him mastery over his appetite." And more than this. It is worth while

> "To fast from strife,
> From old debate and hate,
> To circumcise thy life,
> To show a heart grief-rent
> To starve thy sin, not bin,
> And that's to keep the Lent."

O Lord, help us so to love Thee as to fear and avoid whatever would part us from Thee. Make our souls watchful against temptations, strong against evil desires, and patient amid the trials of this life. Grant us to know Thee with our minds and love Thee with our hearts, to please Thee by our deeds, and to enjoy thy presence here and hereafter. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Tuesday, April 1

Self-denial and sacrifice are means to an end. If we fast it is either to benefit our health, strengthen our wills, or to help us to become masters of ourselves. "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it, Thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit." We should bear in mind that all religious rites and rules of devotion, as well as prayers, are used, not because they have virtue in themselves, but because they aid us in our search for God and strengthen us for our work in life.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those who are penitent, create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Wednesday, April 2

In the stress of the world's work, in the turmoil of daily business, we often miss the message of the spirit. We need to turn aside and seek, now and again, quiet and peace for meditation and prayer. God is not often heard above the noise and turmoil of the street, but in the silent retreat His voice does speak to men. In these days, how few of us escape the distractions of the world long enough to meditate upon God and the unseen realities of the soul. How much both body and spirit cry out for rest and even solitude!

"Enter into thy closet" is the admonition of Christ. There, in quiet communion and meditation, the soul will have its chance to meet God.

Come to us, O thou dear Prince of Peace, O come to us at this time. Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet homes, the noisy streets, the humble lanes;

come to us all and with love touch every human heart that we may know that love, and in its blessed peace bear charity to all mankind! *Amen.*

Eugene Field.

Thursday, April 3

Worship, self-discipline, meditation and prayer are the soul's aids to life. But if we stop with these we miss a great essential in character. The soul must find expression in outward deeds. Giving oneself, therefore, is the climax of life attainment. It is said that Captain Sigsbee, with the responsibility of caring for his great battleship, when in danger, sank his ship in order later to save it. Sometimes we must sink self in order to save our lives. In love and service we find life.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help, that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy Name, and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Friday, April 4

Missions. "It is a crime against manhood to permit men to live in the church without calling on them to underwrite the greatest enterprises of the Kingdom to the limit of their ability, with money, personal service and prayer."

W. E. Doughty in "Efficiency Points."

Almighty God, who hast given to Thy dear Son the heathen for an inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for a possession, bless, we beseech Thee, the missionary work of Thy Holy Church throughout all the world. Have pity upon the people who are still calling upon gods that can not save; and so touch their hearts, and waken their consciences, and rule their wills, that they may turn to Thee, the Living God, who wouldest have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. Out of many nations and peoples and kindreds and tongues assemble the congregation of Thy saints. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Contributed by the Rev. Clarence E. Rice, D. D.

Church Garden Clubs*

Mrs. L. O. Saur

"God Almighty first planted a garden."—*Francis Bacon.*

IN response to many requests for information the following outline for the forming of a Garden Club or Garden Circle has been prepared:

Name—This club shall be called: The Garden Club of the First Universalist Church of Cincinnati (or other city.)

Object—The object of this club shall be to stimulate the knowledge and love of gardening among amateurs and to aid the protection of native trees, plants and birds and to encourage civic planting. (From the Garden Clubs of America.)

Officers—President, vice-president, corresponding secretary, recording secretary, and treasurer.

Advisory Committee—There should be an Advisory Committee composed of people who have a knowledge of gardening, and can advise when to plant, where to plant, how to plant, where to buy, etc.

Publicity—The Publicity Committee should keep the activities of the club before the public, thus letting others know of the work and creating a desire to join our club.

Decorating Committee—The Decorating Committee should consist of persons artistically inclined; their duties should be to decorate the places where meetings are held, help at all flower shows, and arrange or place all flowers or vases of flowers brought in for display.

Tree and Wild Flower Committee—The Tree and Wild Flower Committee should use their influence for the conservation of our native trees, and the protection of our wild flowers. Public meetings should be held, and under the supervision of this committee interest should be awakened in the public schools.

Birds: Their Care and Protection—This committee should do all possible to educate the public in the care and protection of birds. Bird house and bird feeding contests should be held, encouraging boys and girls to make same. Nature study classes should be formed, and long walks taken, studying the birds and their habits.

Program—There should be a Program Committee to help arrange regular monthly programs, or semi-monthly, as desired. There should be a monthly exhibition of flowers, or garden produce, in season; red ribbon for the most perfect specimen; blue for the choicest variety; yellow for the most artistic arrangement. The judges may be guests of honor.

Suggestions:

January meeting: Unusual experience with flowers. Special prize for forced bulbs.

February: Nesting characteristics of birds. Also hold a public meeting.

March: Helpful garden suggestions. Sale of dormant field grown roses.

April: What I have planned for my garden. Sale of dahlia bulbs. Talk on perennial borders.

May: Water gardens; gold fish. Talk on iris.

June: Display of roses and flowers in season, open to public.

July: Visiting some beautiful garden. Talk on the planting of next year's perennials and hardy annuals.

August: Talk—The colors I like best in my garden. Summer flowers.

September: House plants; planting of lily bulbs; take orders for tulip, hyacinth, narcissus, etc.

October: Talk on the planting of all bulbs and house forcing; also trees and late perennials; soil preparation.

November: Echoes of our summer gardens. Distribution of bulbs.

December: Christmas flowers; story of the holly and mistletoe.

The president may appoint committees to take charge of church yard planting or city planting. Sales may be held at the church or in city halls, thus helping the church. Meetings may be held at the church, or from house to house, thus getting better acquainted. Visiting each others' gardens is also suggested. No matter how small the garden, do the best you can.

A Junior League may be formed. Committees

*Mrs. L. O. Saur, whose address is 2157 Slane Ave., Norwood, Ohio, is president of the Garden Club of Norwood, and member of the First Universalist Church of Cincinnati. She writes: I shall be glad to give any help in forming any of these Clubs that I can.

may be formed for all kinds of activities—the taking of flowers to the sick, or into downtown districts. The possibilities are endless for a wonderful work, a live work, in all of our churches. Get busy!

Now is the time!

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth.

* * *

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Dr. Perkins' sermon in the issue of Jan. 26 is steeped in the deepest piety, scholarly without being controversial, convincing without being unsettling as to any of the worth-while things of an inherited faith, rational without being repellent or disquieting to the most sensitive, penetrating and brushing aside the husks of conventional thought, with a high and cultured appreciation of the aroma of words, and the poetical atmosphere of scholarly thought, setting forth the facts and the argument with a forcefulness of reasoning that carries conviction.

With a delicacy and a tactfulness born of an abiding faith, and a tenderness for the inherent or settled convictions of others touching the doctrine relating to the Saviour, Dr. Perkins abstains from the setting forth of facts and the using of sledgehammer arguments, which he might with propriety and within his eminent piety and Christian conviction have used to good advantage so far as "clinching" the argument was concerned; but they would have detracted from the plain purpose sought by introducing another and possibly a disquieting line of thought and might have aroused a controversial attitude and engendered resentment or doubt in the minds of those whom it was sought to enlighten and convince.

The absence of any claim by Christ to virgin birth, the absence of any such claim by any of the early Fathers, was wisely omitted, as were also the discussion relative to the discrepancies in the gospel accounts and the aloneness of the first two chapters of Matthew and the first two chapters of Luke, the contradictions in subsequent portions of the same gospel, and the absence of such account by the earlier Syrian version. It was a stroke of the highest of strategy in argument to reach the assent of the minds addressed without arousing a possible suspicion as to the verity of the Sonship of Christ—leaving resentment or doubt—and to refrain from calling attention to the many known "pious frauds" committed upon the gospels during the time they were in the sole keeping of the Roman Catholic Church in the days when human intelligence had sunk to the twilight hour, consisting in the suppression of matter, the interpellation of matter, and the adding of chapters to certain of the gospels to make them, as furnished, support the teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. It was a delicate concession to the general prevalence of a common intelligence to refrain from calling attention to the attitude and poetic character of the Oriental mind; to the fact that the Hebrew race was "adoptive" and not "creative," even in their religion; and to the further fact that almost all the early Roman and Greek heroes, and many of the gods in the Pagan Pantheon, were virgin-born, as were also the early gods of the Aryan and Indian peoples and religions.

In this we have a most commendable exposition of religion freed from all the trammels of "theology." Theology is the curse of the world—religion is the hope and solace of man.

James M. Kerr.

* *

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I prize the *Leader* above all the magazines we read.

I like the way Dr. Lowe is outlining a program for some very constructive work. He deserves the unselfish co-operation of every Universalist.

Universalism has been riding on a merry-go-round, but not getting anywhere.

A *definite* program, something that will make a man put his church ahead of his lodge, his club, etc., and develop a conscious influence that it is his duty to give a portion of his time to the one source that has made and does make it possible for him and his family to enjoy this wonderful and beautiful land of ours. The Church, Christ's Church—what would the world be to-day without religious influence?

What would the Constitution of our own United States have been without that same influence?

Fundamentalism seems to be the topic in the Churches to-day, but a fundamental program is the essential in ours, and I am happy in seeing what Dr. Lowe has outlined and hope the *Leader* will get behind him with all the enthusiasm and influence in its power to make the program successful. As we sow so shall we also reap.

R. W. Menk.

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To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

If the Universalist Comrades could make an intelligent survey of the situation followed by definite and drastic recommendations, it would be a commendable step.

Equally great is the need for the religious education of the laymen. Theologically the ministers are far ahead of their congregations. The Comrades would do well to promote a more general interest in religion and its problems. For the laymen to read the *Leader*, if nothing more, would be of value, while if they could be persuaded to read other religious journals, or the articles on religious themes in the secular journals, or some of the recent books in this field, they would be able to give better support to their ministers, to take a more intelligent part in current religious discussion, and to contribute more largely to the spread of liberal Christianity. In this connection, let me recommend an editorial, "The Tragedy of the Illiterate Layman," in the *Christian Century* for October 25, 1923.

The laymen in every church can contribute to its efficiency by relieving its pastor of many of its burdens. To expect a minister to care for the hundred and one details of the modern complex parish and then to find time to do the reading that is to be of value to the congregation is to ask more than can be given.

Massachusetts.

Trouble on Tory Hill

A Play for Amateurs by Frank Oliver Hall

Characters

Cyrus Burbank, farmer.
James Sawyer, farmer.
Hiram Fenderson, farmer.
Ephraim Sargent, village store-keeper.
Deacon Miller.

Prelude

We welcome you once more to this familiar scene
Where lately you beheld the women who have been,
Who scrubbed the pews and swept the floor to keep the church
from waste,
And each carpeted her pew according to her taste.
The play was good, we all enjoyed to view this female clan,
But we were disappointed when appeared one lonely man.
We felt the masculine element was very sadly slighted,
There should have been five more at least to leave us all delighted.
And so we seized our ready pen and settled down with glee,
To write a play for men alone. Of women there should be
Not even one. So here you have the product of our art;
The feminine contingent has been banished, set apart,
Told to go back and settle down in rear pews out of sight,
And leave the stage entirely to men for this one night.
So enter *Man*, four men indeed, and maybe there'll be five,
And prove to female suffragists that Man is still alive.

Act I

Scene: Same as in "The Old Peabody Pew."

Time: Seven p. m. of a week-day night, dark.

Characters: Five in number, four of them ordinary farmers of fifty years ago. Make them countrymen but do not make them clowns.

(Noise heard in entry: rattling of latch, creak of door, heavy boots on floor, coughing and snorting. Enter country-looking person with lighted lantern. Clumps down aisle. Puts lantern on platform. Unwinds long muffler from around his neck, knocks hat off, has trouble in finding it. Deposits hat and muffler in near pew. Coughs, digs out cough drop and swallows it. Finds a chair and sits beside table. Begins to fumble in pocket absent-mindedly. Finds a pipe and tobacco, fills pipe carefully. Hunts through all his pockets until he finds a match, scratches it and is about to light his pipe. Suddenly says, "Gosh! Forgot where I was. Now what do you suppose Abbygail would say? Suffering snakes!" Match burns finger, flings it from him. It lights on matting and burns a hole. He proceeds to stamp out flame. Crowds his pipe and tobacco back into pocket. Sits back in chair and is on the point of putting his heels on the back of nearest pew. Again says, "Gosh! Forgot where I was—mumble-mumble-mumble—Abbygail. Ain't I havin' a good time? Where in tarnation is the rest of them fellers anyway? What are we here for anyhow? Like to know—mumble-mumble-mumble—" When door opens again and in comes another countryman. He gazes glumly at the first-comer and speaks.)

James Sawyer. Hallo, Cy, That you?

Cyrus Burbank. No! This ain't me. This is my uncle, on my pa's side. Been dead 'bout ten years. Say, ain't this a cheerful place for a meetin' on a week-day night? What the Dekin call this meetin' for anyway, you know?

J. S. (Walking down aisle, divesting himself of his hat and overcoat, which he deposits in a pew.) Haven't any idee. Met the Dekin on the street lookin' mysterious and mad. Grabbed me by the coat and pulled me round the corner by the drug store and whispered at me, hoarse and solemn, "I'm callin' a meetin' of the standin' committee for next Wednesday night. Be sure to be at the meetin'-house at seven o'clock." And with that he dropped my coat and stomped off as solemn as a gander, before I could ask him what for. What's up? Parson weak on story of Jonah swallerin' the whale? Some kid been playin' mumblypeg on Sunday? Well, I suppose we'll know pretty soon, for here comes more of 'em.

(Enter, with usual noise, two men similar to the first two. One of these also bears a lantern. "'Lo, Eph," "'Lo, Cy," "'Lo, Jim.")

Hiram Fenderson. Dekin come yit?

J. S. No, not yit. Be here pretty soon, s'pose.

Ephram Sargent. What's all this about anyway?

C. B. Nobody knows. Mighty funny.

(H. F. and E. S. divest themselves of coats and hats and find seats on platform with C. B. and J. S., conversation going on spasmodically meantime.)

C. B. Say, Eph, been wantin' to see you for some time. When your chickens was sick last winter what ju do fer 'em? Sumpin's up with mine, can't make out what. Don't eat, don't lay, don't do anythin' 'cept lop round zif the day of judgment was come. Rooster tries to crow, stops in the middle, leans up against a post and sheds tears. Hens all look on, huddled together, zif they was scared blue. What's the matter with 'em? What shall I do fer 'em?

E. S. Sulphur. That's the stuff. Put it in their water, mix it with their meal. If they don't eat it, make some pills and poke it down their throats with a match. That'll fix 'em. Nothin' like brimstone for a sick hen. By the way, Jim, hear you bo't a new hoss.

J. S. Yep. Had to come to it. The ole mare ain't what she used to be, so I druv her over to the holler and swapped her. Got a skyroker now. Say, if I didn't belong to this meetin'-house I'd take her up on the track next fair time and clean out the whole show. Well, no cross, no crown. I can hitch up that hoss in my place and in half an hour be absorbin' information in the back room of your drug store. Five miles—

C. B. Absorbin' inflammation? Sure thing. Plenty inflammation in that old plug. I know her. Inflammation of the arm rubbin' her legs; inflammation of the ear from hearin' her heave; inflammation of the throat from cussin' her. Don't have to go to no drug store to get that.

E. S. Jim said "information," not inflammation, you poor boob. Holds good just the same. Learn lots about jografy drivin' round. Tried to drive through Boston t'other day. Feller told me to go through the Fenway. Advised me to ask if I got mixed up. Mixed up! Huh! Ask! I didn't do a thing but ask every few rods. I headed to every point of the compass and then some. It's only by the mercy of Divine Providence that I ain't goin' round and round and round there yit.

J. S. Say, was this meetin' called to discuss hosses or hens, or what?

H. F. We'll soon find out now. Here comes the Dekin.

(Enter with great dignity man with a silk hat and dressed

Note: This play is intended as a sequel to "The Old Peabody Pew" and will be best appreciated by those who have seen Kate Douglas Wiggin's delightful drama or read her story. "Trouble on Tory Hill" is copyrighted, but may be performed on one condition, viz., that $5.00 from the proceeds of each performance be sent to the author, care of the Universalist Publishing House, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., which sum he proposes to contribute to the Perin-Cate House for Boys in Tokyo, Japan.

The play may be given in almost any church auditorium. The "wing" pews, or the front pews, should be reserved for the actors. The audience should be seated, if possible, back of the center of the church. The pulpit must be removed and the platform used as the stage upon which the larger part of the performance takes place. In the second act the lights in the church should be lowered. The rest is obvious. The play in pamphlet form may be obtained at the Universalist Publishing House for 25 cents each.

accordingly. Obviously *the* man of the town. Speaks with authority and precision. Never smiles—frowns upon frivolity. Moves at once to the center of the stage and takes the largest chair as if by divine right, and, having gazed sternly over the assembled members, proceeds with severity and slowness to state his case.)

Deacon Miller. Ladies and gentlemen—ah, hum—or that is to say, brothers and sisters—ah, hum—or to be more specific, not to say circumspect, fellow members of the Standing Committee of this church. Prompted by a sense of duty and impressed by the seriousness of the situation which confronts us, I have taken the liberty to call you together in this exceedingly unusual manner in order that we may carefully, not to say prayerfully, take into consideration the seriousness of the situation which confronts us and be impressed with a sense of duty that ought always to actuate the conduct of men in our position when confronted by such a serious situation.

C. B. Sufferin' snakes, Dekin, is it as bad as that? Wh—wh-what's happened? Has the minister—

Deacon. Gentlemen—ah, hum—that is to say, fellow members of the Standing Committee of this church, as I was about to remark when I was interrupted in such unseemly manner, the seriousness of the situation may not have impressed itself as seriously upon the minds of some who are not accustomed to take seriously the seriousness of similar situations, but to my understanding the situation is extremely serious. What I refer to does not concern immediately the pastor of this flock, though I may remark in passing that his ultimate welfare is also involved with the welfare of the church and all its members. Bnt the seriousness of the situation touches more closely than any one else, us, gentlemen, us into whose hands has been placed the guardianship of the welfare of this edifice, not to speak of the domestic felicity which is dear to all our hearts. But let us not prolong the argument. Let me be specific, and also particular.

J. S. Good. Now let's have it.

Deacon. Brother Sawyer, have you observed anything peculiar about this edifice, the welfare of which has been given specifically into our keeping?

J. S. N-n-n-o. Can't say as I hev. Roof leakin' again?

Deacon. The situation is far more serious to my mind than a leaking roof. Do you mean to tell me that your attention has not been called to the fact that the floor of this auditorium has undergone a transformation?

E. S. Sure. The women have been carpetin' their pews.

Deacon. Their pews! *Our* pews. The pews of the church. The pews that were here before we were born. The pews that will be here after we have gone hence to be seen by mortal eye no more. Have you failed to notice the variety of the color and texture of the material with which this sacred floor is now bestrewn? Look! Red! Green! Yellow! Brown! Every color of the rainbow. Every kind and description of floor covering designed by the wicked imagination of mortal man, including straw matting. No two pews carpeted alike. I ask you, gentlemen, whether you ever saw a more monstrous exhibition inside a sacred edifice, or for that matter anywhere else except in a junk shop.

C. B. I sure never did. Now I know what's the matter with my hens. They are discouraged and disgusted and instead of talkin' as hens orter talk, they keep sayin' sadly, Cut-cut-cut carpet, cut-carpet, cut-carpet.

Deacon. (With great dignity and reproach.) Gentlemen, if I may be permitted to express my sentiments, this is no occasion for levity. The situation is more serious than some of you seem to realize. Are we or are we not the governing body of this society?

H. F. Sure thing, we are, duly elected at the last annual parish meetin'.

Deacon. Were any of you consulted in any way or manner about the project of transforming this edifice by placing upon the floor this amazing variety of carpet and matting?

C.B. I warn't.

J. S., H. F., E. S. Nor I. Neither was I. Not me.

Deacon. In short, the women of this parish, calling themselves the Dorcas Society, who have never been elected to any office by the parish meeting, these women concerning whom the Good Book says, "Let women be seen and not heard," and again, "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop than with a wide woman in a contentious house"—these women who promised at the altar to love, honor and obey, have dishonored us, their lords and masters, and brought us into ridicule before our neighbors, by going to work and doing this thing without so much as consulting us or seeking our advice. As the Good Book says, "The heathen rage and the Methodists imagine a vain thing."

E. S. So that's what the Methodist parson meant last Sunday when he prayed, "O Lord, keep us from walkin' on vanity and kneelin' on pride as some of our so-called fellow Christians do."

H. F. Yes, and that's what old soak Jo Hutchins meant when I asked him to come to church and repent of his sins. "No," says he, "I seen a bright blue and red elephant onct and onct is enough."

Deacon. Gentlemen, we have been brought into ridicule and contempt. We have been scorned by those who swore to do us honor. We have been dishonored in the high office to which we were duly chosen. And I have summoned you hither to ask you to seriously consider what steps we should take to redeem our names and the reputation of this edifice from the unseemly ridicule of the thoughtless and godless multitude.

C. B. Mr. Chairman, I move that we rip the darned things up, the whole kittle and caboose of 'em. and chuck 'em out the winder.

J. S. Mr. Chairman, I move to amend that motion. These carpets are worth somethin'. That particular piece of carpet that my wife nailed under our pew cost three dollars a yard not more'n fifteen years ago. Good yit. Must be two or three yards of it. Some of the rest is good too. Now, Isaacstein the junkman would pay somethin' for 'em. Let's rip 'em up and pile 'em on the platform here and to-morrer get Isaacstein to make a bid on 'em. What we get will help pay the minister's salary.

H. F. Great idee. Second the motion. Kill two birds with one stone, that's my motto. Show the women what's what and get somethin' to pay the parson at the same time.

R. S. Fine. That with the ten dollars that Judson Peabody put in the plate the Sunday he was married will pretty nigh fix things so we won't have to go into our pockets for a year. Ill wind that blows nobody good, as the Good Book says.

Deacon. All those in favor of Brother Sawyer's motion signify it by saying Aye, contrary minded No. It is a unanimous vote. Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon faithfully preserving the dignity which belongs to your office and asserting your prerogative as the heads of your respective families.

All Four. Good. Get busy. Rip 'em up. Careful and don't tear 'em. (And as they go about the work saying across the pews, "Women think they can run things, hey?" "Well, we'll see." "Heads of families—" "Who's elected last parish meetin', them or us?" "That's what we want to know.")

H. F. (Suddenly.) Say, look a-here. This piece of mattin' ain't no good. Got a hole in it big as a dollar. Been burned. Been burned recent. Smell! Gosh all tophet! You don't suppose them women was smokin' cigareets when they was puttin' down the carpet, do ye?

J. S. Smokin'! Smokin' what?

H. F. Cigareets. Virginia was readin' to me about that only last week, from the *Weekly Clarion;* how the women in Paris is smokin' cigareets at parties, in hotels, anywhere; an' how the women in New York is beginnin' to copy 'em. An' when I says, "They orter be ashamed o' themselves," she up and says, "Why? You smokes a pipe an' you ain't ashamed of yourself. Rather proud of it, ain't you?"

J. S. But where'd they get the cigareets?

E. S. Make 'em. Them women'd make anything. Made doughnuts, didn't they? Looks suspicious to me. Women that'll make doughnuts and put 'em in the contribution basket, as I heered they done, and pass 'em right round and eat 'em in

church, hasn't got much respect for things sacred. Contribution basket just as sacred as any part of the church, ain't it, Dekin?

Deacon. I should say the most sacred vessel in the dedicated edifice was the contribution basket. How can dignity be preserved when I, as deacon of this church, pass the plate for the Sunday morning offering and as I press it under the nose of some reluctant parishioner he smells doughnuts?

C. B. But say, fellers, I don't believe them women smoked. We ain't got no proof.

E. S. Well, it's mighty susp cious anyhow. I know there warn't no hole in this mattin' when Emeline dug it out of the attic.

H. F. Well, 'sthat all for now, Dekin? If 'tis I'll be goin' home. Haven't been to bed till after nine o'clock for three nights runnin' and I'm gettin' used up for the want of sleep. (Yawns.)

Deacon. Yes, gentlemen, that is all for the present, and I sincerely thank you for your presence and the dignified manner in which you have rescued our church from a very serious situation.

(Go out saying: ' All right." "Good night." "Take care of yourself." "Sulphur, that's what your hens need." "Cigareets, well I'll be blowed.")

(*End of Act* 1.)

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PLAN FOR BISBEE MEMORIAL CHURCH

Erection of an "F. A. Bisbee Memorial Church" was proposed Sunday at the memorial service to the late Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D., who founded the First Universalist Church of Miami over three years ago, and whose death occurred in Miami last November. The service was held in Central School auditorium, with Karl Mathie, Dr. Bisbee's successor, presiding.

Scripture was read by Dr. J. George of the Presbyterian church, a warm friend of Dr. Bisbee's. He chose passages to show Dr. Bisbee's love of nature, devotion to the cause of religion, and optimism.

As chairman of the board of trustees of the church, Dr. A. L. Evans outlined Dr. Bisbee's work in Miami, recalling the pastor's first visit in 1912, when he spoke in the old Fair building and on Sunday was granted by Dr. W. W. Faris the use of the Presbyterian church, which was filled to capacity to hear the noted liberal preacher. Dr. Evans recalled Dr. Bisbee's love of the sea and his early ambitions to enter Annapolis before physical handicaps made that impossible, and then of his foresight in prophesying, over a decade ago, the future of Miami Beach, then hardly more than a wilderness. He spoke of the far-reaching effects of his writings and of his two outstanding characteristics, cheerfulness and patience, and his final sermon before his death, on the topic, "Be of Good Cheer."

The most fitting tribute to Dr. Bisbee, Dr. Evans went on to say, would be the perpetuation of his influence, and so he proposed immediate efforts to erect an "F. A. Bisbee Memorial Church."

This ambition was heartily seconded by the next speaker, Judge Frank B. Stoneman, who said that he personally honored and loved the late pastor. Judge Stoneman likened him to a beacon light set to direct sailors in the way of safety. Judge Stoneman touched on an experience of a younger brother of his own, who, years ago, came under Dr. Bisbee's influence at a critical moment and was thus saved from sad mistakes, and has since become an eminent physician of a large Northern city.

Knowing of him as editor of one of America's leading religious weeklies, Judge Stoneman heard Dr Bisbee's first two addresses in Miami, in 1912, and was impressed with the "thoroughness, fairness and picturesqueness of his speaking," which made his sermons possible to reproduce effectively in print. "Men do not die," said Judge Stoneman. "They go to some other sphere and their influence will never die. Dr. Bisbee's great soul is living as it did last year, but unhampered now by the body. I hope his followers will build up here in his name a place where you and all of us can together not only respect his memory but where you can give the influence of your organization in making more broad and beautiful the Christian life."

A tribute from the Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D., of Minneapolis, who recently spoke in Miami, was read by Mr. Mathie. Among the points made by Dr. Shutter were the following: "It would be easier to replace the loss of mills or factories than of one such man." "Dr. Bisbee was blessed with a sense of humor that stole away the sharpness of many problems. I can not imagine him anywhere that happiness is alien. The story of his life proves that no environment is so hard, no burden so heavy, but that a youth made of the right stuff can change it. The text of Dr. Bisbee's first sermon as a student was 'First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear,' and that explains his patience and his confidence in the outcome of all things which characterized his life work."

A poem written by Dr. Bisbee, entitled, "I Will Be Happy All the Day," which was published in the *News-Metropolis* during his last illness, was read by Mr. Mathie. A number of the old, simple hymns which were his favorites were sung by the congregation, and there were also special musical numbers, under the direction of Miss Adelaide Clark—*Miami News-Metropolis, Feb.* 25.

* * *

JAMES GORTON

The Rev. James Gorton was born in East Avon, N. Y., July 10, 1831, and died in Chicago March 1, 1924, aged ninety-two years. He was a son of George Gorton, and a lineal descendant of Samuel Gorton, who came from England to America in 1836.

George Gorton was converted to Universalism when he was thirty, by a neighbor named Whittemore. Ever afterward his home was a sort of theological school, with all the books and periodicals the denomination published in it.

It was the controversial period, and James heard all phases of doctrine discussed, chiefly on Bible grounds. The boy was a constant attendant on the preaching of Wm. I. Reese, Thomas Smith and Orin Roberts, all able and devoted ministers.

In 1843 the family moved to Michigan, about twenty-five miles from Detroit, where James worked on the farm summers and attended district school winters until he was eighteen, when he began to teach. At twenty-three he entered the State Normal College, graduating in 1855.

In 1857 he entered the Universalist ministry, and preached his first sermon in the old representative hall in Lansing. Soon after the young man was ordained at New Hudson, Mich., Rev. C. W. Knickerbocker preaching the sermon, and David Pickering offering the prayer. He first settled in Portland, Mich., where he taught school and preached five years.

Then the Civil War came and Mr. Gorton moved to Illinois, teaching and preaching in Rock Island and Mercer counties two years. When the war closed he settled in Oneida, Ill., where he remained as pastor of the Universalist church for five years.

A new church was built here, partly destroyed by a tornado, repaired, afterward burned, and completely rebuilt. Here five Conger families lived, all his devoted friends and zealous coworkers.

From Oneida he went to Lincoln, Neb., for two years, thence to Aurora, Ill., for two years, then to Nashua, N. H., for three years. Then he went to Charlotte, Mich., where he built a new church and had a delightful pastorate for five years. He was in Iowa preaching at Cedar Falls, West Union and Waterloo for two years, and from there was called to Ryder Memorial Church in Chicago for one year. After this he had several short pastorates in the Middle West, and finally retired from the active ministry, having spent forty years in the work.

For ten years more he served as a supply for Universalist and Unitarian pulpits and almost at the end of his life was a teacher of a Bible class in the Church of the Rdeemer.

Mr. Gorton married Sarah Ann Hitchcock at Randolph, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1859. Of this marriage four children were born—Jessie Julia Gorton, died at the age of two months; Gracia Belle Gorton, Herbert Spencer Gorton and Louie A. Gorton. Mrs. Gorton died many years ago.

The second daugher, Gracia Bell, married Mr. C. R. Olin

at Waterloo, Iowa, in 1888. All Ohio Universalists and all friends of Buchtel College have long known and loved Professor Olin, who, with his wife, has been so useful in our church and school. Herbert Gorton has been associated with the Scully Steel and Iron Company in Chicago for many years. Miss Louie Gorton has been a teacher in the Chicago public schools since 1889.

James Gorton had three grandchildren and five great grandchildren. His son Spencer and daughter Louie never married, and with these Mr. Gorton had his home in recent years. This son and daughter made a beautiful home for the aged father, and he was always cheerful and happy. For many years Mr. Gorton had been blind, and his knowledge of events came to him as the son and daughter read and talked with him.

His funeral was at Graceland chapel, and his body was cremated there. Mr. Hawley of the Unitarian church and Dr. Fisher of the Church of the Redeemer were, by Mr. Gorton's last request, in charge of the services.

The remarkable thing about this good man was his keen intelligence, his progressive forward look, up to the very end. None of us can remember any person at ninety-two so eternally young, so eager and with such complete use of his mental faculties as James Gorton.

* * *

A LOSS TO METHODISM

Announcement was made in the *Christian Century* of last week that Rev. Paul Hutchinson had accepted the managing editorship of that virile paper. Since 1916, when Mr. Hutchinson's career as a foreign missionary began, he has written numerous articles bearing particularly on the missionary problem for religious journals and leading magazines. He is the author of "The Next Step," "The Spread of Christianity," and a volume now in press entitled "China's New Revolution." It will also be remembered that the new managing editor of the *Christian Century* rendered large and conspicuous service in the production and promotion of "The World Service of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Mr. Hutchinson has gained an enviable reputation as an advanced thinker, particularly on questions of church administration, and as a clear, incisive writer. His new task takes him out of official connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but we feel that he will continue to maintain an active interest in the progress of his denomination.

While we are living in a day when a broadening idea of Christian service is beginning to prevail, and therefore heartily congratulate both the *Christian Century* and Mr. Hutchinson upon the new relationship, we nevertheless deeply regret the loss of this rising young journalist from the ranks of Methodist leadership. We feel certain that he will "make good" in his new position, where an unusual opportunity awaits him for incalculable helpfulness to the kingdom movement.—*Zion's Herald.*

* * *

UNVEILING OF INNESS PAINTINGS

In *Christian Light*, the organ of the Southern Superintendent, the Rev. F. B. Bishop describes the unveiling of the Inness pictures as follows:

On Saturday, Feb. 9, occurred an event of tremendous importance to the Universalist Church. It is going to have a far-reaching effect. This was the unveiling, presentation and dedication of the three pictures painted for the Tarpon Springs church by George Inness, Jr.

Mr. Inness is among America's foremost artists. He is the son of the greatest landscape artist America has yet produced. His winter home is at Tarpon. His wife is a member of our church there, and during the last few years Mr. Inness has become greatly interested in our church and devoted to it. For some time he has been saying: "I want to express my religion in art. It is the only way I know." So his pastor, the Rev. L. J. Richards, suggested a text. It is from the 23d Psalm. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." From his text Mr. Inness painted the triptych. It is his interpretation of the Shepherd Psalm. The center picture is entitled "He leadeth me." The one on the right, "In green pastures." On the left, "Beside still waters." These pictures are not the ordinary religious paintings, full of devout expression and haloed figures. They are the open fields, the marvelous sky, and over them all the glorious sunlight of God Invisible.

These pictures have created of our little church at Tarpon Springs a shrine, to which hundreds of people are going every week. As I traveled over Florida, constantly I found tourists inquiring how they might see the pictures in the Universalist church at Tarpon Springs. Mr. Inness does not believe in publicity. But he has given widespread and lasting publicity to Universalism.

These pictures were unveiled and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. Dr. Marion D. Shutter, of Minneapolis, Minn., delivered the principal address. There were many others, representing art societies, women's clubs, and civic bodies, taking part. On Sunday morning following Dr. Shutter preached from the topic "Beside Still Waters." I drove to St. Petersburg to preach at the morning service and came back to Tarpon Springs to preach at the evening service from the topic "In Green Pastures." This was all a part of the dedicatory service.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

Parable of the High-Water Mark and the Dam

Once upon a time I visited Dayton, and it was just after the Flood. And the Iron Posts of the Union Station bore Painted Rings above the height of the head of a man to show how high the Water had risen when the Flood was upon the City. And again I visited that town, and I looked in vain for those rings. For the Painters had painted the posts again, and it may be more than once, and the marks were Obliterated.

And I spake unto certain of the citizens of that town, saying, Where are the Highwater marks of which this city once was proud? For the places that knew them know them no more.

And they said, The High-Water marks of this town are the Dams above the town where the Flood waters of the Miami may be Impounded so that no flood shall ever overwhelm this City again. And as for any marks that might show where once the waters stood, forget it; for we also have forgotten it and care not to remember it yet again.

Now I considered this, and I thought well of it. For there are too many men who keep records of their past Failures to comfort themselves when they shall fail again. Whereas, they ought rather to be Erecting Dams or other Devices whereby the things shall not continually recur.

For I have often thought that there could hardly be a greater confession of human frailty that no more nearly bordereth on Hypocrisy than to print in a Prayer Book a confession of Sin and a promise of Repentance, with the knowledge that on next Sunday we shall be back in the same place admitting the same old Sins. I have sometimes wondered if it would not be a Relief to the Recording Angel if we could now and then think up a new Sin instead of confessing the same old ones; or, if on moral or other grounds that were considered Inadvisable, then to endeavor instead to accomplish a New Virtue.

For a sad fact in human life, and one that depresseth every friend of Reform, is the Recrudescence of the Old Things that we supposed we had left behind.

And I have taken a kind of Savage Satisfaction in singing with Moses and Miriam over the Dead Egyptians on the shores of the Red Sea, for there was in that vision a Reassuring Finality. Sihon king of the Amorites and Og king of Bashan were ahead and unconquered, and the Walls of Jericho stood on their secure Rock Foundations, but the Egyptians who were dead beside the Sea would never need to be fought again.

So I considered the wisdom of those who painted out the mark to which the waters rose, and put their energy into the building of Dams, wherewith to keep the thing from happening again. And this method I commend to those who so easily are swamped by recurring faults that might be Painted Out and kept out.

Home and Children

THE WIND'S WORD

A star that I love,
The sea, and I,
Spake together across the night.
"Have Peace," said the star,
"Have Power," said the sea;
"Yea!" I answered, "and Fame's delight!"
The wind on his way
To Araby
Paused and listened and sighed and said,
"I passed on the sands
A Pharaoh's tomb;
All these did he have—and he is dead."

Cale Young Rice.

* * *

HOW LEONARD, THE FAWN, WAS SAVED FROM THE HOUNDS

THE long-drawn-out baying of the hounds and an occasional shot had been coming all day long across the bay. On their own side of the bay, too, high up in the wooded hills, the children could hear the dogs at chase, and their hearts were heavy with fear for the hunted things of the woods. Outside the little log cabin, their faces raised to the hills, the children were listening shiveringly. The baying of the hounds alternated with the crash of the underbrush where they were running, men coming close behind. Some dogs were skirting the top of a hill. All at once their baying became a series of whimpering barks. They were for the moment off the scent. And then a very strange thing happened, and the story of it is told in "The Wild Heart," by Emma-Lindsay Squier (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York), who writes:

"Down the hill, with such flying leaps that he scarcely touched the earth, came a little deer, a fawn, heading straight for the cabin. Was he mad with fear that he sought the home of humans? Or did he know by that unexplainable power which animals have that we were friends, that we would protect his life with ours—did he, I wonder? For he cleared the four-foot fence with a bound and trotted up to us, then stood trembling, his soft eyes glazed with fright, white foam at the corners of his mouth.

"This is not a fiction story; I am telling it as it happened.

"The little fawn thrust his hot, dry nose against my hand, and when Brother and I, recovering from our petrified amazement, put our arms around his velvety neck, he did not shrink away, but pressed against us as if mutely begging protection.

"If you have never had a wild creature throw itself upon your mercy, if you have never known the feeling of a soft, brown deer body pressed against yours in pleading and in confidence, you can not realize the wild thrill of ecstasy that went through us.

" 'His name is Leonard!' I found breath to say, my face against the velvety neck of the little deer."

But Brother, being a man in embryo, was thinking of sterner things. The hounds would shortly find the scent of the deer. If they came baying down the hill, the fawn would take fright and dart away before the children could stop him. What were they to do? The short, whimpering barks of the dogs had already changed to the long, triumphant cadence of the hound in full cry. They would come down the hill, the hunters would claim Leonard as their game, and then—but at that moment the idea came to the boy. "Meat, meat!" he whispered tensely, and cryptic as it may sound, the little girl understood perfectly. Miss Squier continues:

"Brother outlined a plan of action in a few brief words, while the baby deer, with knees wobbling sadly, turned terror-haunted eyes up the hill, his delicate nostrils quivering, yet made no move to leave us.

"It took my best efforts to lead the little fawn into the shelter of the brooder-house. The scent was foreign to anything he had known before, and the darkness terrified him anew. He could not have known that safety lay within that strange place, but he did know—of that I am sure—that he could trust himself with me, for he came, hesitatingly, urged always by my voice and my hands gently caressing him.

"Brother, in the meantime, had dashed into the kitchen and emerged as quickly with a juicy steak—it was to have been cooked for dinner that night—which he hacked into chunks with his jackknife as he raced up the hill.

"With my eyes against a crack I could see him panting upward to the point where Leonard had emerged from the underbrush of the woods.

"And scarcely had he arrived when a lean hound, with lolling tongue and nose to the ground, burst from the shrubbery, uttering a long-drawn-out bay. The little deer beside me shook in every limb, and I was trembling, too, as if it were I, not Leonard, whom the dogs were trailing. We crouched there in the darkness, the wild thing of the woods and the child who loved the wild things of the woods, and in those tense moments I felt the heart of the baby deer pounding against my body. Can you wonder why, now, when I see the body of a deer killed in the hunt, I can not congratulate the hunter on his prowess? I know how the deer at bay stood still and trembled! I know how his soft, brown eyes grew wide with helpless terror. I know how his heart pounded suffocatingly. And I can not be glad for the hunter; I am only sorry that he does not understand. And up on the hill Brother was acting his part in the drama. When the first lean hound swung into sight, he deftly tossed a chunk of red, juicy meat in his pathway. The dog ignored the first piece, so intent was he on the fresh scent of the deer. But another chunk aimed just ahead of him was a temptation not to be withstood, and he gobbled it up, pausing a second in his chase. Another dog followed him out of the underbrush, finding the first piece of meat Brother had thrown.

"It did not take long for the two hounds to finish off the entire steak so obligingly tossed to them by the small boy almost hidden in a clump of tall ferns. And when it was gone, Leonard was safe, for the dogs, with the smell of fresh meat in their nostrils, had lost the lighter scent of the little deer's flying hoofs, and they sniffed shamefacedly and with befuddled yappings,

until the hunters came cursing down the hill and crashing into the open, to berate the dogs soundly for having lost the game—as they supposed—in the woods."

The children were afraid to let Leonard go back to the woods until the deer season was over or until he was of a size better able to care for himself. A pen was contrived of wire netting with the brooder house as shelter for nights. There they kept Leonard a willing prisoner, while the hounds bayed on the hills and shots echoed across the water. In time they released the deer, first with a collar and a rope, and then with nothing to hold him. He followed the children like a dog, trotting beside them with dainty, mincing steps, and he soon learned his name, and would come bounding out to them when they called. They fed him things his ancestors probably never tasted—cookies, apples, lettuce leaves and candy. But best of all delicacies was chewing gum. When it was first offered him, Leonard accepted it daintily, and chewed it, with an actual expression of surprise coming into his brown eyes. He chewed and chewed. Perhaps he thought it was a new variety of cud. At any rate, he gave it his hearty indorsement, and after that he would nose in Brother's pockets to find the stick of gum that was always there for him. Leonard seemed perfectly content to forget the ways of the woods for those of civilization, until, the story goes on:

"One night I woke to find Brother's hand tugging at mine. He was whispering to me that something was outside Leonard's pen—perhaps it was a bear or a wildcat trying to get at him.

"Foolish children we may have been, but we were not cowardly. It never occurred to us to rouse the grown-ups. Leonard was our friend and our responsibility. From my window the two of us crept out on the roof, white night-gowned figures, shaking with cold and excitement. From the roof we dropped easily to the railing of the picket fence at the back of the cabin and from there to the ground.

"All we could distinguish was a dark form against the wire netting, a shape that moved restlessly, now away from the pen, now back to it.

"As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that Leonard was in the pen outside the brooder-house, and we questioned each other silently. Surely no deer would come thus to meet an enemy animal that wanted to destroy.

"And then, as if in answer to our question, the clouds parted and a pale moon turned the darkness into half-shadowed light. With the sudden effulgence came the weird gleam of four eyes turned in our direction—for our scent had carried to sensitive nostrils. Brother and I for an instant caught each other's hands and gasped.

"Then two of the luminous lights vanished, as the slim animal outside the pen sprang away in great bounds that carried her into the shadows beyond our ken—but not before we had recognized the slim, fleeing form of a doe. We knew it was Leonard's mother, who had found her baby.

"Because we loved him so, we tried to pretend, the next day, that the deer we had seen was not Leonard's mother—that it was merely a friend from the woods who had come down by moonlight to pay a nocturnal call. In our hearts, though, we knew better. Leonard all the day was restless; he pricked his ears continually as if waiting for a voice from the forest. We could scarcely coax him out of his distrait mood, even with a double ration of the chewing-gum he loved so well.

"The next night sleep was impossible. Though we heard nothing, we knew, somehow, that outside Leonard's pen was a slim brown body pressed close against the wire netting. We rose, at last, and crept out over the roof and down to the ground. The doe was there, as we had foreseen. At our approach she bounded away with only the faintest rustle of leaves and snapping of twigs to mark her progress. But knowing that she would not go far—that she would come back to her baby—Brother and I went quickly forward and opened the door of the pen.

"Leonard came to us and thrust his nose against my hand. We knelt on the ground, putting our arms around him, pressing our faces against his soft, brown neck, telling him with tears behind our whispered words that he must go with his mother, that the danger season was passed, and that he was free to go back to his kindred.

"We stole away, but Leonard followed us, as if asking where we went and why he was not to go with us. For the first time we pushed him away from us, though you can not know what it meant to us to do it. He stood still then, as if wondering, perhaps a little hurt, and we, not daring to look back, ran for the fence, clambered upon it, and gained the roof.

"Once there, we could not resist watching a bit, and it was not long before the two luminous eyes gleamed from the underbrush. Then we saw a shapely dark body come slowly into the open, and Leonard, with light, springing bounds, had rushed to meet his mother. For an instant we saw again the glowing orbs of two pairs of eyes. Then the lights vanished.

"Two dark bodies moved side by side into the blackness of the woods; we heard the light crackle of underbrush; and then silence.

"Silently we crept into our beds, and long afterward I heard Brother's choking whisper coming through the darkness—my own face was buried in the pillow:

"I know— Leonard's going to miss—his—his gum—"—*Literary Digest.*

* * *

COURTESY

A magazine writer suggests that if men remove their hats in elevators where ladies are present, as an act of courtesy, it would surely show more courtesy to refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette in the small enclosure, to the great discomfort of many to whom tobacco is offensive. All who think the writer is right say "Aye!" Motion is carried!—*Christian Endeavor World.*

* * *

MAKING HERSELF CLEAR

An Indian paper furnishes us with a recent specimen of "English as she is wrote." It is copy of a letter sent by a lady teacher to the Director of Education, Manila, and reads:

"Dear Sir, I have the honor to resignate as my works are many and my salary are few. Besides which my supervising teacher makes many loving to me to which I only reply 'Oh not, Oh not!"—Very respectfully, Josefina."—*Manila Bulletin.*

Young People's Christian Union

Conducted by Granville Hicks

MISSION STUDY FOR 1924

As part of the Lenten activities which were discussed in the last *Leader* many Unions are having a mission study class, meeting during the week or at a Sunday hour just before or just after the regular service. The book for discussion this year is William Axling's "Japan on the Upward Trail," which deals with Christian missions past and present and especially with the constructive work now being done by missionaries in Japan.

Those who have a horror of mission study classes—and there are a good many—should make it a point to visit a Y. P. C. U. class in action. Instead of the boring, canting, distasteful thing they expected to find, they would discover a group of young people gathered together in a serious but animated fashion to discuss vital problems. There would be very little talk about the poor, degraded Japanese, and much talk about a strong and growing race. While there would be some discussion of what we can give the Japanese, mention at least would be made of what they can give us. Somebody would be sure to point out that these "unfortunate heathen youths" over in Japan are in many cases doing far more to restrain militarism than any of us can boast.

The attitude toward missions is changing, and the study classes may have had a considerable part in that change. It is one thing to give money for the heathen, and another thing to study about them and find that the heathen aren't so heathenish as we supposed. From such study comes an appreciation of other civilizations, and a recognition of the possibility of our borrowing as well as lending.

This year the subject will be studied with an interest that is even greater than usual, for we of the Y. P. C. U. have our own well-loved Stetsons in Japan and we want to know more about the conditions in which they are working. Moreover, Japan's brave fight to overcome the disasters of the earthquake have interested every one. Japan is to most Americans one of the countries best worth studying. Next year the subject for mission study will be China, and here also there will be much to arouse attention, but for different reasons.

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A COMMITTEE MEETING FOR TWO

The committee on devotional topics for the Y. P. C. U. is spread all over the country and even has one member in Canada, but there is a little group of members who live near Boston and who can assemble for conference. Once we were four, but Stanley's departure to Maine left only three, and last week Mary Slaughter couldn't attend, with the result that the "Boston brains," as some one has called us, sarcastically or otherwise, had a committee meeting for two.

Every one knows that the amount of work a committee accomplishes varies inversely with its size. Dwindled down to two, we could and did do a lot of work. Now all that remains is for the rest of the committee to pick things to pieces.

At the mid-year meeting the Executive Board voted to have two sets of topics this year, one for those Unions who have for the most part a membership of college age, the other for the Unions whose membership is largely drawn from the high school group. Our work was altogether with the first set of topics.

It had previously been decided that in general all the topics for a month should be centered about a single theme. Some of the general subjects suggested were: the youth movement, mission problems, the labor problem, the Near East, public opinion, war and peace, the reconstruction of religion, education, and immigration. So far as possible we assigned a month to each subject, and in some cases divided the general topic into sub-topics and suggested books which might be used as a basis of discussion.

The reason for dividing the topics into two sets is easily seen. We have in the Y. P. C. U. no intermediate Union, and as a result the Unioners range from fourteen years up. In some Unions the ages are hopelessly mixed, and it is nearly impossible to find a topic that will suit everybody. Others, however, have a more homogeneous group. These will welcome this division, for it will mean that they can find topics which are at least suited for the majority of their members. The experiment seems to be in the right direction and should be successful.

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YOUTH'S PROBLEMS ELSEWHERE

From Austria comes a paper called "The Young Worker," the journal of a movement of working young people. The leading editorial is addressed to those who have just left school for work, and who, the writer says, will find at first a certain joy in the novelty of their tasks. Soon, however, that joy will pass, its place taken by a sense of deadening monotony. Later will come the cares of married life, and they will be in danger of being crushed by the burdens of life.

Then there will be but one remedy, one hope, says the writer. "Out there, where the high dusty houses of the city stop, where the hard noisy streets find their end, begins the kingdom of Nature. Green woods and meadows, fruitful fields and projecting crags greet you. How beautiful it is out there in the morning sunshine. Forgotten the daily grind, disappeared the gray monotony of work. The birds twitter to you, the crickets chirp, the brooklets murmur so friendly, and the tree tops sing a noble song. The sunlight kisses your strained eyes and the wind strokes your cheeks."

So the editorial goes on, praising the joy of the out-of-doors, the pleasure of lying on the ground gazing at the clouds, the kindly mirth of simple, country games. An echo of all this, the writer declares, "remains in your heart when you return to the dusty ways, a memory of the happy holidays beats within you while the machines are turning. To such happy wanderings, to such hearty happiness, we call you."

That is far from all, however. Much of what was learned in school was unpractical, and in any case it was far too little. These young people who have just left school must continue their education. Especially they must learn more of the history of the working class with which they are now associated, of its struggles, of its achievements. They must learn more of art and music. And they should learn a craft.

To wander in the woods and to learn from books requires leisure. This leisure they will find that to some extent they have. They no longer have to work ten to fourteen hours a day as did their fathers. That they are freed from this slavery is the result of the struggles of the labor movement. They owe, therefore, a debt to the brave fighters who have gone before them. This debt can not be paid in words but in deeds. It is by allying themselves with the labor movement, by striving to bring to all people the shorter hours and higher wages that will permit spiritual growth, by endeavoring to secure a better social order, that they can give thanks for the benefits won for them. To this struggle the writer welcomes them, assuring them that they will find in it a higher joy than they have ever known.

For the Quiet Hour

I am sure that as we grow better and better Christians this will become more and more the source and fountain of our strength. We shall come so close up to all the world's wickedness that it can not strike us. We shall be saved from it by our pity for it. We shall be far from its contagion the closer we come to its needs. We shall be pure as the angels the more completely we give ourselves up to the ministering angel's work. This is the true positiveness of the Christian's purity, the real safety of the loving and laboring life.

Philips Brooks.

Happy the man on whose monument that character of Asa (1 Kings 15 : 14) may be truly inscribed for his epitaph: Here lieth the man whose heart was perfect with the Lord all his days. Heart perfect, O finest of wares! All his days, O the largest of measures!

Thomas Fuller.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

MISSIONARY BOXES

April is one of the months when we open our Missionary Boxes, and this year we are promised a Thank Offering Service written by our dear Mother Quinby. I hope each Circle is planning a special program for the April meeting and will order enough copies for use, and then save them to be used next October when we open our boxes again.

The following leaflets, which are two cents each, will help you in preparing an interesting program:

Phantasmagoria, by X. Y. Z.

The Box of the Cheerful Giver, Maude Lyon Cary.

Tithing, Theresa Homet Patterson.

The Famous Box Family, Mary Shaw Attwood.

There are also 100 copies of Mrs. Attwood's excellent Thank Offering Service which we have used several years.

Don't forget to order your new Missionary Boxes so that they can be given out at the meeting.

May our Missionary Box meetings this April be the best we have ever had, because much prayer and thought shall be put into the preparation for them.

Jennie Lois Ellis,
Chairman of Misionary Boxes.

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GUILD MEETING

Regular meeting of the Clara Barton Guild of the Kinston, N. C., Universalist church was held Thursday afternoon at the home of the president, Miss Emma Lee Langston. "A trip to Japan" was outlined on the blackboard by Miss Mary Langston: 'Interesting Items of the Six Largest Cities," given by Miss Gladys Reed; "The Climate of Japan," by Ruby Hill; Mount Fuji, the "Sacred Mountain of Japan," by Emma Lee Langston; "The Beautiful Legend of the Founding of Japan," by Mrs. Ball, who also conducted a map study and "Brotherhood Exchange.'" This guild of young ladies is studying the Island Kingdom, finding it a very interesting subject, much enjoyed by all the members.

* *

"GOOD WILL LIBRARY"

Rev. Leon P. Jones writes of the library they are able to place at the disposal of the people in Clinton and vicinity:

"About a month ago with 200 books from the Newark, N. J., Public Library and fifty from Oak Park, Ill., and enough from an old Sunday school library to list about 500, we opened this library in the parsonage, printing on our 'Rotospeed' a list or catalogue and set of rules.

"It is free on a self-serve plan, each patron to make out and keep his own card record, leaving the card with us, and to replace the books and not to loan them to any one else, but to tell all who desire them that they are free if they will come after them and wait on themselves.

"While I write this, I hear several groups enter the house for books, and because Mrs. Jones is explaining how to make out cards I know some are new patrons, and this makes me wonder how long we can hold out with only 500 books, some of which are of course unsuited to the class of young people from the public schools that make up most of our patrons, and some of which will not wear long.

"Evidently this is a line of service that this town with all its churches has entirely neglected up till now, and it confirms what the retiring Episcopal minister told us, that this town has had little or no encouragement from its ministers and churches in any line of welfare work.

"We are planning through the local Mission Circle to hold a series of 'Welfare Lectures' in the Clinton church, asking the public men and professional men not of our church to deliver them."

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

WHO WANTS A DIRECTOR?

A Universalist woman would be glad to take a position as director of religious education in some church of her own faith. She is an enthusiast regarding Sunday school work, has had successful experience in both local and field work, and is qualified to render first-class service. The General Sunday School Association would be pleased to act as match-maker.

* *

YOUR EASTER PROGRAM

Since the most difficult dramatization to present in the church school is the one centering about the Easter theme, we find a very limited number of dramatizations for this season. For schools desiring something more elaborate than the ordinary service the list below offers a choice of the best.

The Dawning. Lyman Bayard. Pageant Publishers, 1206 South Hill Street, Los Angeles. 50 cents. An elaborate and stirring presentation of the message of Christianity. Large cast of about seventy-five required.

The Rock. Mary P. Hamlin. Pilgrim Press. 35 cents. A three-act drama showing the character development of Simon Peter. Chief characters: Simon, a fisherman; Adina, his wife; Deborah, her mother; Ucal, her uncle; Mary of Magdala. A strong play with a great message.

A Legend of the Grail. Douglas Horton. To be published in the April number of the Church School.

The Easter Pilgrims. Madeline Sweeney Miller. Abingdon Press. 20 cents. Central theme is the resurrection of Christ and its effect upon the lives of people throughout the centuries. Life is presented as a pilgrimage: Part I. Pilgrims of the Night, the first Easter. II. Pilgrims to the Nation. III. Pilgrims of the Light. Setting simple, practical for small churches, yet can be elaborated.

The Resurrection. Rosamond Kimball. Samuel French Co., New York. 35 cents. Prelude—The Crucifixion. Scene I. The audience chamber of Pontius Pilate. II. The Guard at the sepulcher. III. The women at the sepulcher. The resurrection story dramatized in Biblical words in the form of a mystery play. Sixteen characters and a reader required. One of the simplest plays for an Easter service.

Copies of the above may be obtained from the Universalist Publishing House, 176 Newbury Street, Boston.

M. F. S.

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A WORKING SCHOOL AT SPRINGFIELD, SECOND

Our school at the Second Church of Springfield, Mass., is both a Standard and an Honor School. The superintendent, Mrs. Warner H. Bell, writes in some detail about their work. The following paragraphs are significant.

"We instruct in systematic giving, but not by envelopes and pledges. We consider the education more far-reaching by the purely voluntary method. They use their consciences more.

"Our teachers are using our own library and the public library and the books of the minister and other individuals more and more, also the *Pilgrim Teacher*.

"We stress social service and the children love it. We put out Thanksgiving baskets of fruit for shut-ins, dinners for the needy, flowers for others, post-cards to the sick, clothes, medicine, etc.

"More than fifty per cent of our teachers attended a Teacher Training Class this fall, conducted by trained workers and professors. We have training classes of our own, one for Beginners and Primary, one for Juniors and Adults, and a combination of these two.

"We hold monthly meetings to consider what's best to be done next.

"A monthly Mothers' Meeting is a great success, especially with the Cradle Roll mothers.

"Constantly working on it."

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

For the first time since he has held the office, the Superintendent is free from the effort to settle pastors in this field. Every parish which can at the present time hope to maintain a resident pastor is at work. * * At **Dover** the question of a pastor seems to have been very admirably settled by the employment of Gordon C. Reardon of Crane Theological School. While Mr. Reardon is of course hampered by his college work in giving complete service to the parish, yet in his two days a week at Dover he seems to be accomplishing much. He has just come out with a very manly letter, pointing out the things which he hopes to accomplish and which beyond a l doubt may be accomplished with the full-hearted co-operation of the people. * * At **Concord** the new pastor, Rev. Harry F. Shook, seems to be getting hold of the situation in splendid shape. His people are so idly back of him and his prominence in the American Legion has given him an entrance into city affairs which has taken less time than would usually be necessary. The installation service recently held was a success in every way, except that the Superintendent became mixed up in a railroad wreck with no more serious consequence than to miss his appointment. The Concord parish recently responded to the hurry call to entertain the ministers and laymen of the state for conference with the General Superintendent and General Secretary. At this as well as the Vermont conference the number who responded made a most satisfactory meeting. * * At **Gorham** the work has been going on most satisfactorily under the direction of Gustave Ulrich of St. Lawrence Theological School, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Helene Ulrich. Miss Ulrich has been undergoing some rather sober hospital experiences but is now recuperating, and expects in due season to be able to take up her work at Gorham. She is planning to receive those who apply for membership at the Easter season, but probably will not take the full burden of parish work and preaching until later. * * **Berlin** is drawing near the end of its first year of active work under a resident pastor. The experiment has proved more than worth while in many ways, although by no means yet an assured success. There are many problems which must be faced and solved before we can be assured of an active church in the city. However, it does seem sure that, through the leadership of the pastor, Mrs. Wenonah Stevens Abbott, the parish has gained the respect of the city and Mrs. Abbott has won an enviable position of leadership among the churches of the city. The State Convention will continue to make this parish the main recipient of the Home Mission funds during the coming year. * * **Marlboro** is already planning for the entertainment of the State Convention in September. It will be a good deal of an undertaking for this parish, but with the hearty co-operation of the other churches of the town, which is customary in all matters, there is little doubt that it can be carried out. The church is planning for the usual union celebration of Holy Week and the Superintendent will be the representative of our denomination at the union meetings. The pastor, Rev. O. R. Washburn, has been holding some very successful evening meetings through the winter. * * **West Chesterfield** has been carrying on the work through the winter without the leadership of a pastor. Meetings have been held each week, when the weather permitted in the church and when it did not in private houses. The parish has been looking forward to the resumption of services under the direction of a pastor in the spring. The pastor, Rev. Frances A. Kimball, has not been at all well through the winter but it is hoped that with the coming of spring she will be fully able to take up the work. The movement at West Chesterfield is the most promising in our field, and this parish is the most attractive rural proposition we have seen. By amalgamation with other parishes, of which there are no small number within reaching distances, we shall be able to establish in course of time a rural circuit which will be worth while. * * At **Manchester** there is a very happy man by the name of Yantis, pastor of our church in that city. The Manchester parish has always been a pretty good sort of working institution, but of late there seems to have come a new spirit of consecration which will carry the parish far. New interest is manifest in all departments of the work. A Y. P. C. U. organization which of late has been dormant has been established and will be a distinct addition to the working forces of the state. * * **Nottingham** doesn't send much information concerning its activities and its plans. However, it is always safe to figure that the parish will be in the running when returns are made. We doubt, somewhat, if the people of this parish fully understand their opportunity to take leadership in the new rural movement which is undoubtedly coming. There is a little bit of an idea here that preaching alone can make a church serve the community and something of an inclination to go far afield for preachers who will meet the critical requirements of the people. We believe there is an opportunity to make Nottingham the center of a rural circuit which will do much to quicken the religious life of the country round about. * * **Richmond** is the birthplace of Hosea Ballou. It does not seem probable at present that we have any reason for establishing regular year round services in Richmond. We do believe, however, that out of sheer self-respect there should always be the preaching of the message of Universalism at Richmond. At the present time this seems to be possible to bring about better by the importing of an occasional service than by the maintenance of a pastorate. We believe it would be well for our people in this field to gather in large numbers once a year in Richmond and listen to the messages of some of our great leaders, which will lose nothing from the inspiration that the site will bring. With the approval of the Executive Board, the Superintendent plans to establish an annual pilgrimage to Richmond, during that season of the year when our people may gather from all over the state. * * **East Jaffrey** continues under the leadership of Rev. Myron L. Cutler, as it has for many, many years. No man can read the columns of the local newspaper without becoming aware of the place that the years have given to Mr. Cutler in the life of the community. There is nothing, from a coon hunt or wood-chopping bee to a funeral or wedding, in which he does not seem to have a part. In looking over the paper which is sent us by the courtesy of young people of the Marlboro parish, we note especially the number of elderly people who seem to live in the vicinity of East Jaffrey and the reports now and then of their passing on. It is an interesting commentary that, whether these people have other church affiliations or not, whether the pastor of some other church is called in to take charge of the service or not, Mr. Cutler is always called upon to have some part in the service. Long pastorates do not appeal to us because they are long. Long life in a community which continues throughout the years to be service to its people does appeal to us. * * **Alstead** continues to be the center of activity for quite a large surrounding country under the leadership of Rev. John Kimball. It is rather a remarkable record which this parish is making.

George F. Fortier.

* *

Who's Who in this Issue

Rev. James W. Vallentyne is pastor of the Universalist church in Oak Park, Ill.

Mrs. L. O. Saur is a member of the Universalist church in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. Adams, Dr. Perkins, Dr. Evans and Dr. Hall contribute frequently to the *Leader*.

Church News and Interests

PERSONALS

Rev. Fenwick L. Leavitt, pastor of All Souls Universalist Church, Worcester, Mass., is celebrating the tenth anniversary of his pastorate by a month of meetings. Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., preached for him March 9, Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., and Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., will be with him on March 23, and a special Anniversary Dinner will be served in the church on that day. On the afternoon of March 16 there was given one of the anniversary series which have been such a success in this church. In the ten years of his pastorate, Mr. Leavitt has taken 219 members into the church. In the twenty-nine years' history preceding his pastorate, 229 members were taken into the church. Thus in ten years he has taken in practically as many as were taken in during the full previous existence of the church.

Rev. F. B. Bishop, D. D., recently drove his car from his home in Montgomery, Ala., through Georgia and Flor'da, visiting churches and isolated Universalists. He was ditched and mired and sunk in water holes, but kept his appointments and returned to Alabama only two days late.

The address of Mr. Edwin M. Waller, of Philadelphia, is now 1204 Arrott St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Lowe, the General Superintendent, and Mr. Etz, the General Secretary, held conferences in behalf of the Christ Crusade and the Washington Church-Perin Cate Home projects in Worcester, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Springfield, Mass., the week of March 3.

Rev. Olympia Brown, one of the pioneer women preachers of the country, and a member of the Universalist Church, is living at 329 Dalton Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., who is on a trip to the Pacific Coast, preached in the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, for Dr. Shutter on Feb. 10, in the Universalist church in Denver for Rev. Harold Niles on Feb. 17, and for Rev. Henry Victor Morgan in Tacoma, Washington, on Feb. 24. On March 2 he filled the pulpit of Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles, in Oakland, Calif. He preached in the Riverside church for Dr. Selleck on Friday evening, March 7, and on Sunday morning, March 9, for Rev. Carl F. Henry, in Pasadena. On the following Monday he addressed the Pacific Coast ministers in a conference he d under the auspices of the Christ Crusade, for Dr. Lowe, the General Superintendent.

Rev. Frederic W. Perkins, D D., of Lynn, is preaching a series of Sunday morning sermons on "The Way of Jesus"—"The Four Fold Path," "The Way of a Son," "The Way of Brotherhood," "The Way of a Servant," "The Way of Sacrifice," "The Way of Spiritual Triumph." At Lenten vesper services the subject is "A Modernist's Fundamentals.'

Dr. Joseph Fort Newton of New York is discussed at length in *Christian Work* for March 8 by Frederick Lynch, who reviews in a most appreciative way Dr. Newton's latest book, 'Preaching in New York."

Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D., of Worcester, took the Christ Crusade Services in Baltimore and Washington March 9, having a good attendance and inspiring services in both places.

Dr. John Smith Lowe and Rev. Roger F. Etz held conferences under auspices of the Christ Crusade at Philadelphia, New York and Washington, D. C., during the week of March 9.

Massachusetts

Chelsea.—Rev. B. F. McIntire, pastor. Our vestry was filled on the evening of Feb. 19 for the parish supper. The former pastor, Dr. R. Perry Bush, and Dr. John M. Troit of Central Congregational Church, with their wives, were special guests, and the ministers were among the speakers. Recently the Clara Barton Guild held a reception in honor of Miss Marian Rich, a Guild member, who has been elected state secretary of the Guild. There were delegations from Southbridge, Stoughton, Salem, Waltham, Somerville, Arlington and Cambridge. The Guild are at work on the Mexican Operetta, "Pepita," which will be given soon. The newly organized O. R. C. Club, made up of boys of the teen age, held their first social recently, and a basketball team has been formed and games are played each Saturday with other clubs. The ritual work of the club centers around the Five Principles of Universalism. Four new members were enrolled in February. The union Sunday evening services with two Congregational churches are being held this month in our auditorium. Dr. Brownell of Northland College with a girls' quartette from his school will visit our union service March 30. The Ladies' Social Circle are holding a series of "silver teas," one every two weeks, and they are growing in popularity. The standing committee are making plans for the annual every member canvass April 6. The pastor is preaching a series of sermons on "What Universalists Believe" and special services will be held during Holy Week, culminating in holy communion and reception of church members on Thursday, a union service on Friday with two Congregational churches and the annual fellowship meeting Tuesday evening after Easter, with which is combined an informal reception to the new church members.

Milford.—Rev. H. F. Fister, pastor. The church gathered a net harvest on the evening of Feb. 22 from its "Talent System" of $2,300. This is the sixth time this system has been used. The first year $1,000 and last year $1,800 was realized. Heretofore the effort has been made only once in two years, but last year it was enjoyed so much that it was held again this year. The work was done under the direction of the Ladies' Aid Society with all the church uniting. The Ladies' Aid Society before the church year closes will earn at least $3,000. The progress of the "Talent System" is an indication of the financial progress of the church.

Michigan

Concord.—Rev. William Couden, pastor. By invitation of pastor and people the Rev. George Cross Baner of Akron, Ohio, conducted in our church a ten-days mission of preaching and teaching, the object of which was not the immediate gain of members but rather the spiritual uplift and quickening of the whole town. Mr. Baner succeeded eminently. Large congregations greeted him night after night from Feb. 25 to March 6. Many from neighboring Orthodox churches attended, and on two occasions goodly numbers from the Horton parish drove over. We can not express too intensely our gratitude to Dr. Baner for coming to us, nor recommend him too highly for his sane and winning evangelism.

New York

Middleport.—Charles Clare Blauvelt, pastor. On March 9 Rev. Maude Lyon Cary of Little Falls, field worker of the Universalist State Association, spoke here in the interest of the church school work. A series of sermons on the liberal faith are being given during the Lenten season. On March 11, the annual parish supper and business meeting was held in Social Hall. About 100 were present. All reports from the various organizations showed all bills paid and money in the treasury of each society. The Missionary Society received fom their annual food sale about $40.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. March work in this church began with the display on the front of the pulpit of the "Christ Crusade" poster just received from Universalist Headquarters, followed by a sermon by the pastor on "What Is It to Preach Christ?" based upon Matt. 28 : 20. At the evening service the pastor preached a sermon urging loyal co-operation in the Christ Crusade. The vestry met after the service and voted to have printed one thousand correspondence cards bearing the Crusade message on one side and our five articles of faith on the other, for distribution by the parish. An active campaign for three month subscribers to the *Leader* began as soon as the appeal appeared in the *Leader*, and the first list was sent to headquarters the following morning. We intend to p ace the *Leader* in every Universa ist family in Halifax and several that are not Univer-

salist but ought to be! A public entertainment by the young people of the church under the leadership of Mrs. John Ross is being prepared to assist in our own work while an operetta presented by fifty or more of the finest musical artists of the city, under the leadership of Mrs. Samuel Stead (of our church), was given last week for the benefit of the Sailors' Home, which is in danger of being closed for want of funds. We are proud that our own Mrs. Stead, who is a professional musician of marked ability, is the prime mover (and it is whispered largely the composer) of this most worthy charity. The Woman's Club has made thirty sheets and thirty-six pillow slips for the Children's Hsopital and eighteen dresses for the Infants' Home. On March 15 a "pantry sale" was held in the City Market. On the 19th the annual entertainment and "treat" of "good things to eat" was given the inmates of the City Home, and the following week the Anniversary Supper in celebration of the eighty-one years that the Church of the Redeemer has held services in Halifax.

Pennsylvania

Reading.—Rev. L. Griswold Williams, pastor. The year began without a deficit for the first time in a generation, and with a steady increase of new contributors. The budget system has become established with happy results. At Christmas an old Coventry Nativity Play of the twelfth century adapted by the minister with a setting of traditional music was given in the church auditorium. The chancel was transformed with heavy blue draperies, which took on varied hues in the different scenes due to the effects of the special lighting equipment. It was necessary to turn people away, as the seating capacity was inadequate. Plans are being made to give the morality play of "Everyman" on Easter evening. The "Pleasant Sunday Evening" service, now in its fifth season, continues to attract many. A series of seven lectures on "The Making of Civilization" is nearing completion, and seven lectures on "Types of Philosophy," requested by the audiences, will conclude the season. We use the stereopticon for projecting modern poems fitted to familiar tunes for the people to sing. There is a musical program, and the lecture itself is an hour long. A profitable experiment was the service on Ash Wednesday with a reading of Arabian music with the use of draperies and lights to emphasize the moods of the poem. January was observed as "Go-to-Church" month, with a series of sermon on the Universals. During Lent seven special sermons on "The Roots of Christian Dogma" are being given, presenting the elements of Christian theology in the light of comparative mythology. On Tuesday evenings the year's second series of psychology lectures are given, "Christianity in the Light of Psycho ogy," for which a membership fee is charged. Last year the Service League raised over $1,200 and has many interesting plans for this year. Recently the minister gave a dramatic reading of "The Melting Pot" in the local Jewish Reformed Temple to an enthusiastic gathering.

* *

MR. BRIGHAM AS HANNANIAH

Warren B. Brigham of Palmer, Mass., has been called a second time by the Greater Boston Federation of Churches to interpret the part of Hannaniah, in the five-act Biblical play of Jeremiah, to be given in Tremont Temple, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of April 7. The requirements of this difficult role are such that the author, Mrs. John Pratt Whitman, is unwilling to trust it in the hands of any inexperienced actor. Mr. Brigham's seven years of stage training gave him the proper background and made it possible for Hannaniah, two years ago, at the National Theater to step forth among the mimic people of Jerusalem as a convincing and wily priest bent on thwarting and opposing the teachings of Jeremiah at every turn. According to both Mr. and Mrs. Whitman this performance of Mr. Brigham's in completely changing himself from a high minded spiritual pastor to a scheming prophet ever seeking his own advancement and personal pleasure, demonstrated a high order of art.

Since the first performance of Jeremiah in 1922 it has been produced in the Berkeley, Cal., out-door Greek theater, and at the Academy of Music, Haverhill, Mass., with gratifying success.

* *

A CORRECTION

In the list of contributions to the Near East from our Sunday schools, which was published in the issue of March 1, the amount ($12.93) credited to Troy, Ohio, should have been credited to Miami City, Ohio, instead.

* *

"GO FORWARD!"

Dr. Lyman Ward, principal of the Southern Industrial Institute, Camp Hill, Alabama, addressed a meeting of the Massachusetts Women's Universalist Missionary Society, March 13, at the Universal st church in Roxbury, and combatted the idea expressed in the meeting that the big thing ahead of the W. N. M. A. is "retrenchment and curtailment."

"Instead of spending your time," said he, "asking yourselves, 'How can we curtail?' you had better seek new ways of service. What do you want to curtail for? Even if you are behind just now, that is nothing to be ashamed of. You can't go to Japan, you can't go to North Carolina, you can't go to Alabama, you can't go to Chattanooga and see the work of George Gay, without realizing that your money has been nobly used. You have nothing to apologize for. Why retrench? Go forward!

"Since 1897 I have been in the South, dealing with the same kind of problems with which your national body is concerned The way to treat deficits is to strike out in such an important and useful new line of work that it will arouse intense enthusiasm and bring in the contributions that you need. We have had many a hard situation in the history of our school, but we have always gone forward, and God has raised up good friends to help us through."

* *

A WORD FROM THE EDITORS OF THE HELPER

We are putting forth a sincere effort to make the Senior *Helper* a real help to the teachers in our Sunday schools, containing instructive comment and analysis accepting the results of modern scholarship, and pedagogically sound. We are painfully conscious how far short of this ideal the product may be, but hope to make the *Helper* better with each succeeding number. We ask that it be given a trial and we solicit comment and suggestions.

Laura B. Galer,
Roger S. Galer,
Joint Editors.

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

* *

LENTEN SERVICES IN LAWRENCE

The Church of the Good Shepherd, Lawrence, Mass., of which Rev. C. Guy Robbins is the minister, is having a series of Wednesday night Lenten services. In spite of the great storm on March 12, about a hundred people gathered at the meeting, where the Editor of the *Leader* preached and where the prayer was offered by Rev. W. W. Locke, minister of the Unitarian church of Lawrence.

A dinner was served in the vestry at six o'clock, by the ladies of the parish.

At this gathering one of the laymen remarked that he had sat upon the Standing Committee of the parish for over thirty years and could not recall any of these so-called "church rows" which people talk about as inseparable from parish activity. He said that it had been a united and happy family through all the years of his experience, and that Mr. Robbins had been a powerful influence in promoting that kind of happy family spirit in the parish.

Another layman at the dinner remarked that Mr. Robbins was constantly growing and that, effective as were his sermons five years ago, they were much more effective now.

A third influential layman said that one of the most successful things which had been accomplished in the way of a public meeting were his Sunday afternoon services, which are all carefully arranged in advance. A high-grade Boston quartet comes out and Mr. Robbins tel s a story taken from modern fiction. These services are held once a month and have gone on for seventeen years. Whi e the church

seats five hundred people, chairs usually have to be brought in for these services.

Among the memorial windows in the church is one to Sumner Henry Needham, of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, who was killed while the regiment was marching through Baltimore, April 19, 1861. The entire city of Lawrence turned out to do him honor, and the funeral sermon was preached by the Universalist minister.

Notices

MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW

Massachusetts State Convention at Attleboro, May 21 and 22.

Do your share toward contributing to a large attendance with its consequent inspiration, enthusiasm and accomplishment.

Many opportunities for short and delightful auto trips *after* attendance on devotional and business sessions.

None too early to make reservations by communicating with the undersigned.

Harold E. Sweet,
Attleboro, Mass.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Committee of Fellowship of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention will convene at Universalist Headquarters on Monday, March 31, 1924, at 12.15 p. m., for the examination of Mr A. Whitman Eames and Mr. William Dawes Veazie, as to their fitness in purpose, character and abilities for the ministry of the Universalist Church.

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

On March 25, 1924, at 1.15 p. m., at the Universalist church parlors at Syracuse, N. Y., the Fellowship Committee of the New York State Universalist Convention will examine with a view to their ordination, and to ascertain their fitness therefor, the following candidates: Edward Ellis, of Lockport, N. Y., and Charles Clare Blauvelt of Middleport, N. Y.

George H. Bowers, Secretary.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Committee of Fellowship of the New Hampshire Universalist Convention will convene at Concord on Wednesday, April 2, 1924, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the examination of Mrs. Wenona Stevens Abbott "as to her fitness in purpose, character, and abilities for the ministry of the Universalist Church."

Frank W. Whippen, Secretary.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Committee of Fellowship of the Massachusetts Universalist Convention will convene at Universalist Headquarters on Monday, March 31, 1924, at 12.15 o'clock p. m., for the examination of Mr. Charles A. Haney, "as to his fitness in purpose, character, and abilities for the ministry of the Universalist Church."

Harry E. Adams, Secretary.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING

W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts

The Mission Circles of St. Paul's Church and the Second Universalist Church, Springfield, are to be the hostesses for a Public Meeting April 4 in the Sunday school room of St. Paul's Church.

Representative speakers have been secured from the National and State Missionary Societies, also Rev. John van Schaick, Jr., editor of the *Leader*, and a Japanese playlet is to be given, and there will be good music.

Box luncheon with tea, coffee and one hot dish.

A cordial invitation comes from the Springfield churches for all who can to attend.

Mary E. Nye,
Chairman Public Meetings Committee.

* *

Obituary

Ernest W. Roberts

The Hon. Ernest W. Roberts, eighteen years representative in Congress from the Chelsea, Mass., district and former chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, died in Washington Feb. 27, after an illness of over a year. Since retirement from Congress he has practised law in Washington. He was a member of the Universalist parish, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Sarah Weeks Roberts, his wife, Miss Dean Roberts of New York City, a daughter, Ernest W. Roberts of Boston and John Page Roberts of San Francisco, sons, survive him. Funeral services in Washington were conducted by the Rev. Clarence E. Rice, D. D., after which the body was cremated.

Later the ashes will be brought to Chelsea for interment in the family plot.

Ernest W. Roberts was born in East Madison, Maine, Nov. 22, 1858, the son of Orin P. and Eliza V. Roberts. He was educated at the Highland Military Academy of Worcester and the Boston University Law School. He began law practise in Boston, in 1881. He was elected to the Chelsea City Council in 1887 and soon thereafter to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. From there he went to the Senate of Massachusetts and to Congress in 1899. He was regarded as one of the working members, rendering faithful, able service on various committees, especially that on naval affairs, in which he became an authority.

A tragic incident of this service was the death of his little boy from the explosion of a shell which had been presented to him and from which all explosive matter was believed to be withdrawn.

Mrs. Ella Goodell Johnson

Mrs. Ella Goodell Johnson died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Glenn A. Buch, at Mexico, N. Y., Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1924. She was the widow of the late Geo. P. Johnson, M. D., of Mexico, and the eldest daughter of Rev. W. S. and Martha Hamilton Goodell, who died some years ago. She was a good and faithful daughter, having cared for her mother and father until the end, and a true friend. One sister, Mary Goodell Heartwell, and one brother, G. W. E. Goodell, M. D., survive.

Mrs. Kate Veazey

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Kate Veazey died at the home of her daughter in Norfolk, Va. She was born in Brentwood, New Hampshire, May 13, 1841, and was laid at rest there.

She will be remembered by many Universalists as the mother of the late Harry Laurence Veazey, who at the time of his death was the Universalist minister at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

She is survived by a son, Arthur W. Veazey, of Denver, Col.; a daughter, Mrs. L. W. Bunch, of Norfolk, Va., and several grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She was one of the first members of Grace Universalist Church in Harriman, Tenn. She had resided in Norfolk for the past twenty years.

Mrs. L. Forrest Dean

The death, in her twenty-fourth year, of Mrs. Dorothy Smith Dean, wife of L. Forrest Dean and daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., occurred Sunday, March 2, at the home of her parents in Bangor, Maine, after a long illness which was borne with unusual fortitude and cheerfulness. Mrs. Dean was beloved by a wide circle of friends who deeply mourn her passing.

She was born in Belfast and came to Bangor with her parents when her father assumed the pastorate of the First Universalist Church about fourteen years ago. She attended the Bangor schools and graduated from high school with high honors in 1921. Her marriage to Mr. Dean took place in June of the following year.

A lover of music since a child, Mrs. Dean studied piano for a while and later took up vocal culture. She was possessed of a delightful contralto voice and took part in many musical entertainments. She was an enthusiastic member of the festival chorus and received a remarkable tribute in 1921 when she was chosen to sing a quartet number with the prima donna, Rosa Ponselle, Fernando Guarneri and Raymond Hunter. She sang in the Universalist church choir and in other churches, and was ringer of the Universalist chimes as long as health permitted.

Mrs. Dean also took a great interest in all church activities, being an ardent worker and very popular with all her associates. She served as president of the Young People's Christian Union and attended many meetings in different parts of the state. She was also a member of Tuscan Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

Surviving, besides her husband and parents, are three brothers, Bruce M., Philip A. of the United States navy, and Robert C.; a sister, Ruth E., and a grandmother, Mrs. F. F. Clark.

Mrs. Charlotta Aspey

Mrs. Charlotta Aspey died Feb. 18, 1924, aged eighty-five years. She was a staunch Universalist, having joined the Smithton, Pa., Universalist church in 1881. She leaves three daughters and a host of friends. She was a good woman, ever ready to lend a helping hand.

Mrs. D. N. Shull

In the death of Mrs. D. N. Shull, the Lansing, Mich., Universalist church loses one of its faithful workers. When health permitted she was present at all the services of the church and took part in all its activities. She read the *Leader* from cover to cover and called it "nourishing meat" for her frail body. To the last her conversation centered around the church as her life had been lived in it. Death came painlessly and suddenly on Feb. 20.

G. H. A.

Mrs. Susie Parr

Mrs. Susie Parr died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elmer Chapman, Marseilles, Ill , Wednesday, Feb. 27. The funeral services were conducted the following Friday afternoon by the pastor, Rev. Edward M. Minor. Mrs. Parr was a woman whose kindly and helpful traits of character had endeared her to all who knew her. She lived her Universlism. She was one of the oldest members of the Marseilles Universalist church.

Mrs. Sarah J. Farnum

The announcement of the sudden death of Mrs. Sarah J. Farnum of the Church of the Mediator, Providence, R. I., will come as a shock to her many friends in Universalist circles. She suffered no illness, but sitting in her chair in her home, on Feb. 23, she suddenly went away. For fifteen years she was a member of the Church of the Mediator, active and loyal in all its endeavors. Before affiliating with this church, she had been a member of the Universalist church in East Providence. For years, she was an ardent reader of the *Universalist Leader* and a generous member of the Ferry Beach Park Association. She was one of the most liberal contributors to the new church campaign and eagerly looked forward to the day of its completion. She loved the young people and the young people loved her. She leaves a son, Jerome E. Farnum, who is a trustee of the parish. She was young at seventy-seven. It was really impossible for her to grow old. She was one of God's noble women. Every department of the church knew her devotion and benefactions. She lived the faith of her church.

The service was held in the church on Monday, March 3, with Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., and Rev. Fred C. Leining officiating.

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* *

Says Arthur Brisbane, in one of his peppy and authoritative editorials:

"Do women have a fair chance in life? THEY DO NOT!"

You can prove anything by upper-case letters. Therefore, having as many caps at our disposal as Arthur has, we make the positive statement that

THEY DO, TOO. THEY GET BETTER THAN AN EVEN BREAK!—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

* *

The Judge: "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station."

Student: "It was a mistake. I was looking for my room-mate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blond with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, and—"

The Witness: "I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Any one might have made the same mistake."—*Punch Bowl.*

* *

Margaret is only seven years old, but sometimes quite naughty. On one occasion her mother, hoping to be particularly impressive, said, "Don't you know that if you keep on doing so many naughty things, your children will be naughty, too?"

Margaret dimpled, and cried triumphantly. "Oh, mother, now you've given yourself away!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* *

The dead student returned to the hotel and played checkers there just after 6 p. m. Tuesday. He appeared to be in good spirits. At 8 o'clock he talked to a demonstrator in a drugstore across from the dental college. Then he left.—*From a news-story in the Cincinnati Times-Star.*

* *

Still, at that, the wide, open spaces about the North Pole may come in handy before long as places to park.—*Macon Telegraph.*

* *

It's tough to be in a crowd of radio and Mah Jong fans when you understand only English.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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